

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2585.—VOL. XXIII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1888.

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT } SIXPENCE.
By Post, 6½d.



THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION: ADVANCED POST OF NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS BEYOND BAGRWAN.
FROM A SKETCH BY CAPTAIN F. C. CARTER.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"Clericus Dubitans," a correspondent of the *Spectator*, to which all cases of conscience seem naturally to come as to a Father Confessor, is seriously exercised in his mind as to the morality, or otherwise, of sixpenny whist; and he has been taken to task by a writer in another journal for having any doubt of its wickedness. The divine is very properly dead against playing for points "unnecessarily high," but cannot divorce his mind from the conviction that unless people play for something they "don't try"—not having sufficient motive for any exertion; and, in a word, that whist for nothing, though, of course, very moral, is apt to be very bad. Like the wine which the rich but thrifty host put before his guest, with the encomium that it was honest wine, it is "poor but honest." To this the journalist cynically rejoins that "Clericus Dubitans" seems to be of opinion that nothing is done well unless there is a little money upon it. I am unfortunately not "Clericus" (for though so many people find themselves in holes, it is only a few who are in the hole that just suits them); but I think "Clericus" is right in this matter, with very little "Dubitans" about it. It is my experience that work of all kinds is better done when it is paid for. We all know what a lawyer's opinion is worth when it is got for nothing; I believe that dentists who write "Teeth extracted gratuitously between ten and two" over their doors are not spoken of by their patients with the gratitude one would expect; and though I may have dreamt it, I think I have occasionally seen the doings of the Great Unpaid contrasted unfavourably with those of our stipendiaries. Breathes there, again, an editor in all England who can lay his hand upon his heart and speak highly of that "Amateur Contributor," who prefaces his dreadful MS. with the statement that he seeks no pecuniary remuneration for it? And, surely, anyone who has ever belonged to a club, must be aware that a committee does not look into matters with the same keen eye for economy that belongs to the paid housekeeper. There are, of course, some exceptions: honorary secretaries of charitable associations, for example, who do their duty manfully; while the admirable journalist who derides the notion of anything being worse done for "love" than "money" no doubt would scorn remuneration for his articles; but, speaking of men and not angels, my opinion is that they do do things better, from whist upwards or (not to be rude to the noble science) downwards, for their having "a little money upon it."

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* is perplexed by the chronology of "Pickwick"; but probably not so much as was the author himself. He dated the commencement of his fiction in 1827, with a light heart, without reflecting that as the serial itself began in 1836, there was not time enough allowed for the development of the story. The circumstance is not at all surprising, nor does it the least detract from the reality of the composition. For my part, I can hardly fix a date for any occurrence in my life, and yet I suppose I must have lived, though I may have failed to "flourish." Moreover, the author of "Pickwick" was a very young man, and, with all his genius, had, of course, no knowledge of the art of writing fiction, though in later years he grew to be the most careful storyteller of his time, and took great precautions to ensure accuracy. Nothing, indeed, annoyed him more—for "whatever is worth doing is worth doing well" was his favourite proverb—than to be proved incorrect even in the smallest matter. For that reason I always forbore during his lifetime to point out his mistake in setting down Cleopatra and the Major to piquet, at Brighton, and then making them play écarté instead; one would almost think, but for his known ignorance of cards, that he could not resist making Cleopatra ask her admirer to "propose." The truth is, every novel has plenty of errors of inconsistency, of misdating, and of misnaming; it is scarcely possible, indeed, that it should be otherwise, if the story is artistically written, and has its characters, each in halves, as it were, the one part being drawn from real life and the other from the imagination. Fortunately, the gentlemen who read the stories submitted to their criticism—though it may not be true that they only "cut the leaves and smell the paper-knife"—do not give a very particular attention to them, or they would more often find us tripping. Sometimes an admirer will write to his novelist to inquire why Angelina in the first volume has golden hair, and in the third (instead of a change to grey, which would seem reasonable enough) "tresses dark as the raven's wing." The poor storyteller gets out of his hobble as best he can (probably by another story); but if he told the truth his explanation would be simple enough. The person he is describing under the veil of fiction has black hair; he makes it golden, and generally pictures to himself his creation in the hue it owes to his artistic hands; but on some particular occasion, his mind, though he is writing of her presentment, reverts to the original, and he paints her in her natural colours.

In the recent anecdotal biography of Mr. Toole there is a pleasant note upon theatrical orders from which one gathers that some people imagine with difficulty the existence of an individual who would not take advantage of an order for the theatre if he could get one. Charles Mathews, it is related, was once at a country inn, where, struck by the civility of "the Boots," he gave him an order for the theatre where he was playing. The next day, he asked him how he liked the play; to which "the Boots" answered rather dubiously, "Oh, well enough; but who's to pay me for my time?" To have seen Mathews or Mr. Toole can scarcely, of course, be called lost time; but that everybody wants to be amused is rather a doubtful dogma; while to suppose that everybody finds amusement where his fellow-creatures find it is certainly an error. "The Lady of Lyons" is said to be a most popular play, but so far from hungering for an order for it, I should require at least ten pounds—and my

expenses there and back—to see it out. Musical entertainments are thought to be very charming by some people; but others, like myself, have literally not the sense for them; I am, unfortunately, growing deaf. I must confess, however, that when I had my full hearing they were still more unattractive to me. I could not expect, of course, to have got for listening the same sums that Mr. Sims Reeves got for singing, but I should have wanted a good deal of money. A large class of persons, I am told, even like lectures; it is impossible to account for some people's tastes; but, for my part, I cannot conceive an intelligent being hurrying over his dinner, and smoking one pipe instead of two afterwards, in order to attend a lecture without some handsome "compensation for disturbance." We are all too apt to think that what we like ourselves other people must like; but the idea of a "ticket for the platform" (let the "platform" be what it will) being a privilege to be struggled for, seems to push this social error to its extreme verge. To be asked, if one is not a sportsman, to pay a country visit in November is also rather "a large order" (though not of course a theatrical one); no doubt it would be an unusual thing for the would-be host to enclose a cheque in three figures along with his invitation, but it is a thing that ought to be done, and until it is done many persons, in the rôle of invited guest, will continue to say with that un-theatrical Boots, "Who is to pay me for my time?"

Miss Edna Lyall, the authoress, is enviable for many reasons, and not the least of them that, writing—as she does—under a *nom-de-plume*, her "double," though apparently eccentric and certainly unorthodox, seems to confine her depredations upon the individuality of her original to the isle of Ceylon. Miss Lyall's publishers are very indignant upon her account, whereas they ought in reality to be astonished at the moderation of this impersonator of their client. Everyone who writes a book "By the Author of" something or other, instead of in his (or her) proper person, is wellnigh certain to have this compliment—a much more sincere form of flattery than mere imitation—paid to his success in literature. Everyone knows about George Eliot's double, and, indeed, the chance she gave him, by pretending to be of his own sex, was an irresistible temptation; but the fact is, it is a very common offence, and arises almost naturally from the system of anonymous authorship. To a person with a literary turn, but without a literary gift, it is the easiest way of securing a reputation—an ephemeral one, it is only too probable; but how ephemeral is fame itself! How many more writers for the *Times* there are in the world than are known in Printing House-square! How many more contributors to *Punch* than his dog Toby (who never forgets a face) can recognise! I have seen articles appropriated before now (not innocently, alas! but unconsciously) in the very presence of their owners. To say "I am 'S. G. O.' or 'X.," is only to mount one round higher on the ladder of impudence. What is much worse than this is when not Vanity but Impecuniousness is the motive of the impersonation—when the anonymous author of that very successful poem "Heart-Throbs," or of that fine philosophical work on the Moral Emotions, finds himself asking for money of strangers and running up bills, with gin and beer in them, at country inns by proxy. This little mischance may happen, as I have reason to know, to the best of authors.

I don't know whether the author of "Robbery Under Arms" is an Australian, but certainly, except by Charles Reade (who, by-the-by, had never been in Australia), life in the under-world has never been so well described. Rolf Bolderwood (as the writer calls himself) might very well have hit upon a better name for his story; and, indeed, "The Bush-ranger" would have seemed ready to his hand; but what is the main point, after all, it is a good story. There is adventure enough in it to serve for half a dozen ordinary novels, and the interest never flags. The writer has little literary skill; but in these days, when we are so overdone with "art" and "style," his straightforward way of telling things is by no means unwelcome. One has seen his high-born hero-highwayman "Starlight" and his matchless steed before, but not for these many years, and one is very willing to renew their acquaintance.

If some people take too much pains to associate themselves familiarly with men of letters, "because of advantage," others, it seems, take too little. That most good-natured of authors, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, tells us that he has really thought it his duty to refuse a lady's application for an autograph who has addressed him as "Miss Oliver Holmes." The existence of such an individual will seem incredible to those who do not know the amateur autograph-hunter, but not to those who do. Of course there is no reason why an illiterate person should not have made such a mistake; but the wonder is that anyone who felt sufficient interest in the author to want his handwriting should have done so. Yet it constantly happens. Charles Reade had almost as many gushing correspondents who addressed him as "Read" or "Reed" as by his true name; and not seldom he was "Sir Charles Reid." It must have been difficult even for a born fool to spell Dickens's name wrong; yet even he had admirers who preferred to use two "k's" instead of the "ck." I remember a dreadful story of a very pretty young lady coming to show herself to him, as Dolly Varden on her way to a fancy ball; and the painful fact being disclosed during their brief conversation that she had not the least idea from what book of his (or anybody's) the character was taken. The saddest experience of the want of knowledge of one's own subject I ever remember, was the rapturously applauded song of a young lady in which the line occurred "Thou who so gently walkest over me." It was encored, so I felt I could not be mistaken in the words, and ventured to inquire their meaning of the fair songstress. She said she thought it was plain enough, and that she had never had such an inquiry addressed to her, though she had sung it scores of times. "Don't you think it would sound better" I said (I thought the "sound" might move her,

which the sense would obviously never do), "if you said 'watchest'?" "If you like," she replied good-naturedly; "'watchest,' or 'walkest,' what can it matter?"

It is probable that no one has had so many bird's-eye views of his native land as Mr. William Green, the champion Steeple Jack. He has repaired no less than fifty-three towers or spires, from that of Salisbury Cathedral, 404 ft. high, to that of Whittlesea, 280 ft. What an authority he must be on "Picturesque England"; though his line of business lies rather in the other direction, for I read that he has built 550 chimneys, which probably raise their stately heads and raven tresses in the manufacturing districts. Like his father before him, he is also an aeronaut, and took his first flight under the paternal care, from York to Wolverhampton, when eleven years old. He must know a deal more of "high latitudes" than the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, though he probably never wrote "letters" about them. What is very curious, when he is not in the clouds, he is a Government diver—he recovered ten of the bodies after the Tay Bridge disaster—and goes to the bottom of things as well as the top of them; and yet I don't find his name among "Men of the Time." His hardest piece of work, we are told, was the setting right of a chimney 280 ft. high (with a diameter of 70 ft. at the base and only 8 ft. at the summit) which had got 3½ ft. out of the perpendicular. It was accomplished, we are vaguely told, "very expeditiously by screw-jacks and cutting out;" but what "cutting out expedition" was ever to be compared with this for danger and audacity? He is, of course, quite above all sectarian prejudices, and is just now repairing a Roman Catholic Cathedral spire at Plymouth. I am not very fond of going out to dinner, but I would not decline an invitation which had in its corner "To meet Mr. William Green." How much more interesting he would be than the generality of elevated persons!

THE COURT.

The Duchess of Albany, who had received the sad intelligence of the death of her mother, the Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont, drove over from Birkhall on the morning of Oct. 27, and, having taken leave of her Majesty and the Royal family, left for Germany. The Prince of Wales arrived at the castle at one o'clock. A guard of honour of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, under the command of Captain Davidson, was mounted at the Ballater Station. Colonel the Hon. Henry Byng, Equerry-in-Waiting, attended his Royal Highness from Ballater. Her Majesty drove in the afternoon, attended by the Countess of Erroll and Miss McNeill. The Rev. J. Mitford Mitchell, Minister of the West Church, Aberdeen, arrived at the castle. The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie and Major-General Sir C. Teesdale, in attendance on the Prince of Wales, had the honour of being included in the Royal dinner-party. Divine service was performed at Balmoral Castle on Sunday morning, the 28th, in the presence of the Queen, the Royal family, and the Royal household. The Rev. J. Mitford Mitchell, Minister of the West Church, Aberdeen, one of her Majesty's Chaplains, officiated. Princess Frederica and Baron Pawel Rammingen dined with the Queen and the Royal family. Mr. Ritchie, the Rev. J. Mitford Mitchell, and Major-General Sir C. Teesdale had the honour of being invited. On Monday morning, the 29th, the Queen went out, accompanied by Princess Beatrice; and her Majesty drove in the afternoon, attended by the Countess of Erroll, the Hon. Ethel Cadogan, and Miss McNeill. The Prince of Wales, attended by Major-General Sir Christopher Teesdale, left the castle for Marlborough House. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg accompanied the Prince to Ballater, where a guard of honour of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, under the command of Captain Davidson, was mounted at the station. The Right Hon. C. T. Ritchie and Mr. Allan Mackenzie had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal family.

The Prince of Wales, attended by Major-General Sir C. Teesdale, left Marlborough House on Oct. 26 for Balmoral on a visit to the Queen, and returned to town on the 30th. The Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud—attended by Miss Knollys, Mdle. Vauthier, Fräulein Noedel, and Lieutenant-General Sir D. M. Probyn—arrived at Sandringham on the 27th by Great Eastern Railway from Marlborough House, for the winter season. Her Royal Highness and her three daughters, together with the ladies and gentlemen of the household, were present at Divine service at Sandringham parish church on Sunday morning, the 28th. The Rev. F. Hervey, Domestic Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, Chaplain to the Queen, and Rector of Sandringham, officiated and preached.

The Duchess of Connaught has attended a course of nursing lectures with a St. John Ambulance class at Poona, India, and has passed a very satisfactory examination. Her Royal Highness obtained the "first aid" certificate some weeks previously.

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN EXPEDITION.

The military expedition, under General McQueen, against the hostile tribes of the Black Mountain, on the frontier of the Hazara district, north of the Punjab, seems to have nearly finished its work, and was expected to return to the Oghi Fort, near Abbotabad, in the first week of November, having occupied just one month in this campaign. The Akozais, the tribe who began hostilities last June, paid the fine imposed upon them by Oct. 27. It was the intention of the general commanding to proceed to Thakot and explore the whole district. The Thakotis number 1500 fighting men. General Sir Frederick Roberts, Commander-in-Chief of the Indian Army, arrived at headquarters of the expedition and inspected the force there. He went on to visit General Channer at Maidan, and inspected his brigade. The Khyber levies, with their chief, Major Adam Khan, have proved, by their wonderful activity, more than a match for the enemy in the harassing guerrilla warfare of the tribesmen, entirely disconcerting the ambuscades. Colonel Crookshank, who was wounded in the fighting on Oct. 4, has died.

The first and reserve columns of the Black Mountain Expedition, advancing northwards, have already reached Thakot, beyond the northern spurs of the mountain. No opposition is offered by the tribes. The other columns continue to hold their positions.

Our Illustration is a view of the post beyond Bagrwan, at the foot of the Black Mountain, which was occupied by the Northumberland Fusiliers at an early stage of the expedition. It is from a sketch by Captain F. C. Carter.

Prince Ferdinand opened the Bulgarian Sobranje on Oct. 27, and congratulated the country on the fact that the cause of Bulgaria was daily growing stronger.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

PARIS, Tuesday, Oct. 30.

General Boulanger has been banqueted by the revisionist committees of the arrondissements of Paris. The ceremony was crowded, enthusiastic, and uninterrupted by dissident cries, fighting, revolver shots, or other disagreeable incidents. The General made a speech, was applauded by a thousand people, and escorted home in triumph by a considerable crowd. It may be remarked that the General spoke with singular confidence; he seems convinced of his strength; he is evidently sure that he has only to stretch out his arm in order to reach the coveted prize. Nevertheless, with all his protestations of Republicanism, we cannot yet say that the pretender has clearly expounded his programme; he still remains vague, Sphinx-like, and fascinating. One important point to be noted is the scarification by the General of M. Floquet's project for the revision of the Constitution, and his severe ridiculing of the Cabinet, which hoped to confiscate to its own advantage the popularity of General Boulanger simply by adopting a Revisionist platform. Thus, M. Floquet is abandoned by the extreme Left, scoffed at by the Boulangist, and left in the lurch with a stillborn Bill in his arms, and no prospects.

Political matters are in more than their usual state of confusion, which all turns to the advantage of General Boulanger, who carefully preserves his character of a new and untried broom. The Income Tax Bill irritates all classes—commercial people and worldlings alike. The Cabinet and the Chamber are becoming more and more unpopular. The era of petty measures is beginning. Thus, Police orders have been issued for seizing and confiscating certain Boulangist pictures, portraits, and caricatures of the General, in which he is represented vanquishing the Chamber and putting the Deputies to flight. Propagandist pictures of the Comte de Paris and Victor Napoleon are likewise being seized. Instructions have also been issued by the Minister of the Interior concerning the swarms of Boulangist song-singers who have recently spread all over France and penetrated even into the remote communes with songs of an insulting nature about the President of the Republic. On the occasion of the marriage of the General's daughter, Mlle. Marcelle Boulanger, to Captain Driant this morning, at the church of Saint Pierre de Chaillot, an unnecessary display of police force attracted to the ceremony more attention than it deserved. As the General has often said, he has only to wait and to take advantage of the mistakes of his adversaries.

Speeches on financial questions are not often attractive. We may therefore note that of M. Jules Roche, the reporter of the Budget of 1889, who depicted in striking terms the physiognomy which the events of 1870 have given to Europe. M. Roche contrasted the need and the power that all nations have at the present day of developing their well-being and their morality with the fatality which compels them to live, as in the Middle Ages, in an immense entrenched camp. The consequence is that the prodigies of modern science, instead of serving the advancement of civilisation, cause it to retrograde to the times of barbarism. Speaking of the extraordinary Budget, M. Roche explained that for several years to come France will have to spend a hundred million francs a year in order to put her defences in such a condition as the progress of artillery and fortification demands.

The hastily-elaborated decree, in virtue of which foreigners residing in France are required to register themselves at the Prefecture of Police, has received an additional clause, by which the time for inscription is prolonged until Jan. 1. Another recent decree, prohibiting the admission of foreign officers to study in the French military schools, is severely criticised by the press, because it will put an end to the growth of French influence in many minor States, who will henceforward send their officers to school in Germany. The case of Roumania is cited in particular.

A Frenchman, M. Jules Imbs, has, it appears, invented a new system of elevated cable railways, which will enable us to go from Paris to Calais in one hour, to Marseilles in two hours, and to St. Petersburg in eight hours. The car or boat will be very long and spindle-shaped, and capable of carrying 150 to 200 passengers. This new method of travelling at a speed of 250 miles an hour will be applicable only to long distances, or to a minimum of sixty miles. Experiments are to be made shortly in the environs of Paris.

The right of levying a tax of three sous for an arm-chair and one sou for a plain chair in the public promenades and gardens of Paris will be put up to auction shortly. The upset price for the period of four years from January, 1889, to January, 1893, is 45,000fr. The city of Paris furnishes a minimum of 6700 chairs, which the lessee has to keep in good order.

Zola's new and reputedly chaste novel "Le Rêve" is being transformed into an opera by M. Gallet, the librettist, and M. Bruneau, a pupil of Massenet.—A new operetta by Leterrier and Vanloo, with music by Lacombe, called "La Gardeuse d'Oies," has been produced with some success at the Folies Dramatiques. It is an absurd libretto in the style of "Giroflé-Girofla," but the music has many pleasing *morceaux*.—The famous old ship La Belle Poule, which brought back the remains of Napoleon I. from St. Helena in 1840, is now being broken up at Toulon. T. C.

The Emperor William, with a large suite, left Berlin on Oct. 25 for Blankenburg, in the Harz, to shoot with the Prince-Regent of Brunswick, returning on the following day. The Emperor has ordered his Foreign Office to convey to the Governments of the countries which he recently visited his thanks for the reception accorded to him. His Majesty received, on the 27th, the Municipal Deputation, which offered him a welcome on his return. In commemoration of his journey they propose to erect a fountain on the Schloss Platz. On the 29th his Majesty visited Hamburg, and was cordially greeted by the people. He drove through the streets to the spot where a stone was to be placed to commemorate the incorporation of the city in the German Customs Union. An address of welcome was read, and his Majesty then laid the stone. He afterwards inspected the ports. In the afternoon the Emperor was entertained at a banquet, and in the evening the city was illuminated; his Majesty proceeding to Friedrichsruh, where he was the guest of Prince Bismarck until the 30th, when the Emperor returned to Potsdam.—The decree of confiscation on Sir Morell Mackenzie's book in Germany has been suspended.—There has been a great fire at the small town of Huenfeld, near Cassel, 1500 persons having been rendered homeless.

The Queen of Portugal and the Duke of Oporto left Vienna on Oct. 25 for Lisbon.

King George, in opening the Greek Chamber, on Oct. 27, expressed satisfaction at the progress made by the nation since he took the oath to the Constitution twenty-five years ago; and also at being able to announce the betrothal of the Duke of Sparta to Princess Sophie of Prussia.

The Metropolitan of Serbia has pronounced the dissolution of the marriage of King Milan and Queen Natalie.

THE LATE SIR HUGH OWEN.

The death, seven years ago, of Sir Hugh Owen, formerly Chief Clerk of the Poor Law Board, from which office he retired in 1872, was much regretted by his fellow-countrymen in Wales, to whom he had rendered great services by promoting institutions of popular education. He had also, during his residence in London, as a leading member of the British and Foreign School Society, and for three years a member of the London School Board, gained public esteem, and had taken an active part in religious and philanthropic efforts. In Wales, he gave valuable assistance to the establishment of the University College at Aberystwith, and the Bangor Normal College for Teachers, also the Cambrian Association for the Deaf and Dumb, while he was a zealous patron of the Eisteddfod and other national institutions.

The erection of a monument to commemorate the regard in which Sir Hugh Owen was held by Welshmen has been promoted by a committee whose chairman is Lord Aberdare; and on Monday, Oct. 22, a statue was unveiled in the town of Carnarvon by the Hon. Mrs. Wynne Jones, his Lordship's daughter, wife of the Vicar of Carnarvon. The present Sir Hugh Owen, K.C.B., Permanent Secretary to the Local Government Board, was among the company. Sir John Puleston, M.P., presided, and Mr. Lewis Morris, Captain Verney, and others spoke. The Aberystwith, Bangor, and Cardiff Colleges were represented, and other Welsh institutions. A procession was formed in Carnarvon Castle, comprising the magistrates and gentry of the district, Mayors of towns in North Wales, representatives of the Welsh colleges and of societies with which Sir Hugh Owen was connected, local Volunteers, friendly societies, and school-children. The statue, which is in bronze, is the work of Mr. Milo Griffith, and had been provided by public subscription.



STATUE OF THE LATE SIR HUGH OWEN AT CARNARVON.

the cost of the pedestal being defrayed by local subscriptions. On behalf of the subscribers, Sir J. Puleston presented the statue to the Mayor of Carnarvon. The ceremony of unveiling was performed by Mrs. Wynne-Jones, and the people, led by Mr. David Jones and the band, sang an old Welsh air.

The statue is placed in a well-chosen position in the great square of Carnarvon, and stands out well against the castle. The inscription upon the statue runs as follows:—

"Sir Hugh Owen, born 1804, died 1881. Erected by a grateful nation."

All the representatives of the Powers met at the Porte on Oct. 30 and signed the Suez Canal Convention.

Lord Justice Clerk McDonald was on Oct. 30 installed in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, as Lord Kinsburgh. The Lord Advocate and the Solicitor-General also presented their commissions.

At the Chester Diocesan Conference on Oct. 30, an address, signed by 382 clergy and 895 churchwardens and lay representatives of the diocese, was presented to Dr. Stubbs, on his translation to the See of Oxford. The Duke of Westminster made the presentation.

The Czar and Czarina and the Imperial family arrived at Sebastopol on Oct. 28, and continued their journey to Gatschina in the afternoon. Among those who greeted their Majesties on their arrival was a special Envoy from the Sultan of Turkey. An accident to the train in which the Czar was travelling on the 29th is reported from St. Petersburg. The second engine ran off the line, dragging with it four carriages. No member of the Imperial family or suite was injured.—The Russian Grand Dukes Paul and Sergius and the Grand Duchess Sergius left Cairo on Oct. 26 for Alexandria, whence they started for Athens, in order to attend the festivities in celebration of King George's accession.—There was a special religious service on the 25th at St. Petersburg to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the entrance of M. De Giers into the public service. A grand reception was held at the Foreign Office, where the heads of the Embassies and Legations presented M. De Giers with a gold inkstand.

THE DEPOSED GERMAN HANSE TOWNS, HAMBURG AND BREMEN.

The German Emperor visited the city of Hamburg on Monday, Oct. 29. It is with a half-feeling of regret that one hears of the closing of Hamburg and Bremen as free ports. In a few years the name of the Hanseatic League will sound as quaintly as that of the Vehm-Gericht. We shall think of the "League" as of some half-mystic medieval institution, suggestive of secret guilds, of burghers' feasts, of stout-hearted citizens throwing down the gage to monarchs and nobles. But the life of Hamburg and Bremen is not likely to die out with the spirit of historical romance, as has been the case with old Ghent and Bruges.

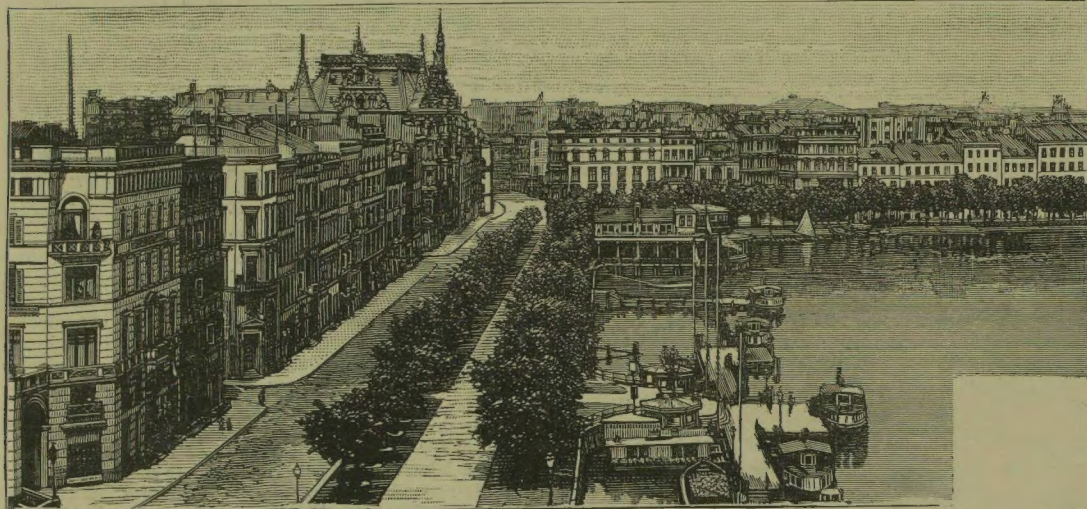
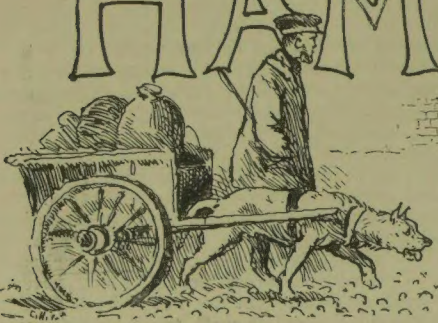
On a bright winter or autumn morning, if you are standing on the deck of either of those famous liners, the Penguin or the Mavis, you will be struck by the busy aspect of the broad and flowing Elbe. Ocean-liners sweep proudly along, throwing up their after-wash on banks that are not so well kept as those of the "lazy Scheldt." Smaller craft, too, from Antwerp, Rotterdam, the Thames, Grimsby, and even Liverpool, bear you company. Some rather clumsy fishing-boats, less gaily painted and less quaint in form than those of the Dutch Maas, tack to and fro. But the Elbe has a charm of its own, possessed neither by the Maas nor by the Scheldt. The richly wooded hills rising within view remind you, oddly enough, of the Bosphorus, mingled with a dash of the Upper Thames. On these heights are many pleasant villas of the rich Hamburg merchants. Leaving them behind, you soon find your way into the docks by the Kaiser Quay. On a bright, sunny day, the view of Hamburg from the river will be a surprise. Although much of the old city has been swept away, still, in the neighbourhood of the quays, there remains a good deal that is picturesque. Great peaked-roofed houses, with numerous windows glittering in the sun, overlook the broad canals and the lesser waterways that are not too suggestive of a perfect system of sanitation. The copper spires, too, of the churches, having turned to a brilliant green, add to the cheery aspect of the town. Yet, after all, Hamburg, despite its new Bonded Stores—which rival anything of the kind in England—has no architectural magnificence. Even the much talked-of new Post-Office is nothing to boast of greatly. As to the collection of pictures at the Museum, perhaps the less said about them the better. This remark does not apply to the five rooms of good paintings by the best English masters, presented to Hamburg by a wealthy citizen of great commercial renown.

Hamburg, in one respect, is almost unrivalled. Our View of the "Alster" Lake, surrounded by its boulevards and handsome buildings, imperfectly represents its aspect. The British tourist, standing on the steps of Streit's, cannot fail to be struck with the beauty of this city lake. The Jungfernstieg Quay, too, is spoilt by no dingy, clumsy craft moored against it. Only pretty little steamers take their passengers to the suburbs and pleasure gardens on the banks of the Alster. At nighttime these small craft darting to and fro in different directions, with their gaily-lit cabin windows, add a curious charm to the scene. Indeed the best sights in Hamburg are far from being the regulation shows of a great city. In public buildings it is poor indeed; but it affords rich opportunities for strolling about and seeing the place. Though guide-books have little to say about it, take, for instance, the quaint old street of "Bei den Hütten"; walk through it on a fine moonlight night, and the spirit of the Middle Ages is all around you. The pleasures of modern Hamburg also are not to be despised. St. Pauli, with its Bier Gartens and its perpetual fair of cheap shows, is well worth looking at, if only to pay a visit to the "Grotto," an arrangement of cork rockery, waterfalls, and electric lights, of its kind perhaps unequalled. But what will be the future of the old city, now that its historic "freedom" is at an end? The natives of Hamburg are emigrating year by year, and the Prussians are coming in. As a matter of fact, there are not above 150,000 born Hamburgians in the city. When the Municipality is swept away, Hamburg will become as much a part of Prussia proper as Berlin itself; the streets will be filled with blue uniforms and clanking sabres, and the rule of pipeclay and drill-sergeant will utterly banish the old sentiment of civic pride and civic good-fellowship.

We next proceed to Bremen, the quaint, clean, pretty town, where, standing by the crumbling Rolandssäule and looking towards the Rathaus—if one is not thinking of a lunch in the Rathskeller—one is struck by the brisk, busy aspect of the market-place and its crowd of peasant dealers. The Bremen people, indeed, seem to be cheery, contented folk; and despite their cigar grievance with the German Chancellor, take, perhaps, a little more kindly to the bluecoats than the Hamburg people do. Immediately after the late war, strict orders were given to all Prussian officers to make themselves as agreeable to the citizens as possible. Etiquette was even to be waived in favour of the citizens. Duty calls were thus ordered to be paid first by the military to the civilians. The result of this is that many marriages have taken place between the well-dowered daughters of Bremen and the aristocratic, but not so wealthy, military "Vons." In the pretty gardens, laid out seventy years ago on the site of the old fortifications, beside the lake, and within sight of the odd-looking windmill, Prussian bluecoat and Bremen bonnet may be seen side by side. The young men of the city take very readily to military service, which they make an excuse for a few years' comfortable frolic with as good an allowance as an indulgent father can be expected to supply. Stern parents, however, do not always see the situation in this light, retaining many of their old prejudices against the Prussians. But, whatever political sentiment may be felt, it apparently has no saddening effect upon the bright cheeriness of the city. Sauntering along, or taking the tram-car down the Oberstrasse, a more lively crowd of business people one could not wish to see. If, however, you want a more sombre experience, you cannot do better than pay a visit to the famous Bleikeller beneath the Dom. This cellar is remarkable for its power of preserving everything from decay that is placed within its gloomy walls. The collection of remains here is of a varied character, including those of a defunct English Countess (at least, so the guide tells you), and those of favourite dogs and cats. On emerging from this place you can take a stroll through the gardens, and, paying a visit to the Rathskeller, gaze at the mighty cask of the "Twelve Apostles" and other works of art, finishing with a regulation Bremen lunch of oysters, lampreys, "beefsteak," and Rheinwein. Bremen is well worth a visit, though no longer a Free Town of the Hanseatic League.

The Executive Committee of the Prince's Cinderellas announce the advent of the sixth series of these successful and high-class dances, which for the past five years have been held on behalf of the Chelsea Hospital for Women at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. These dances begin at eight and terminate as the clock strikes twelve. The committee intend to cancel all vouchers given in previous seasons, so that both old as well as new subscribers will have to obtain vouchers for introduction to the forthcoming series. Several new features are to be introduced this year. Further particulars may be had from the secretary at the hospital in the Fulham-road.

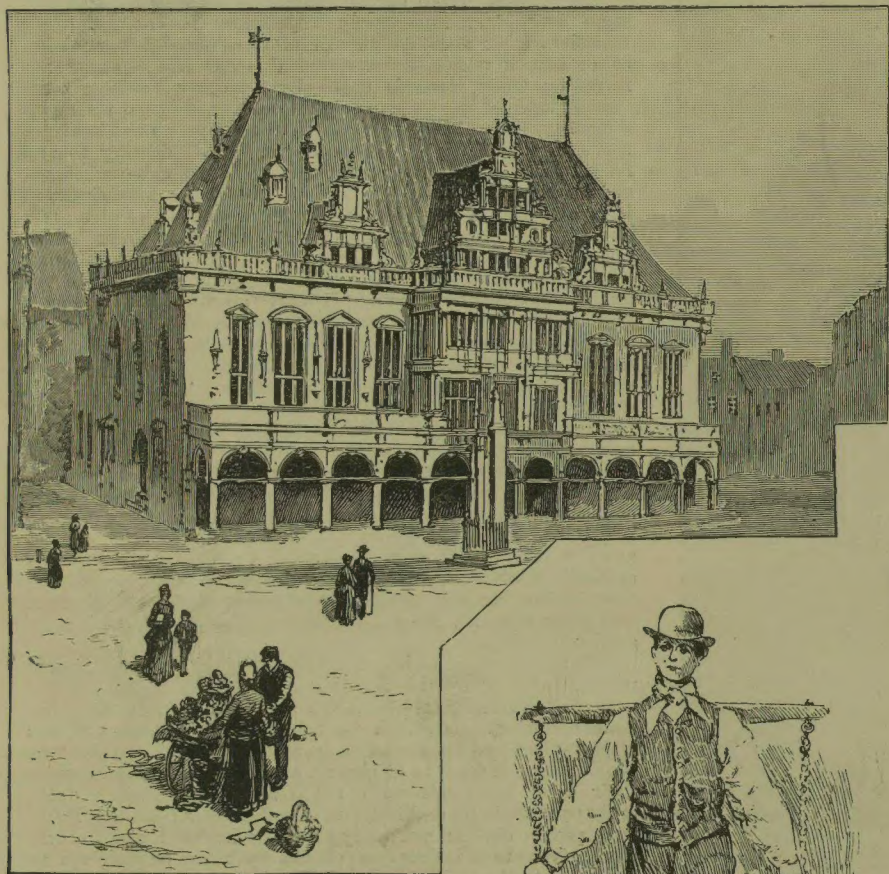
HAMBURG and BREMEN



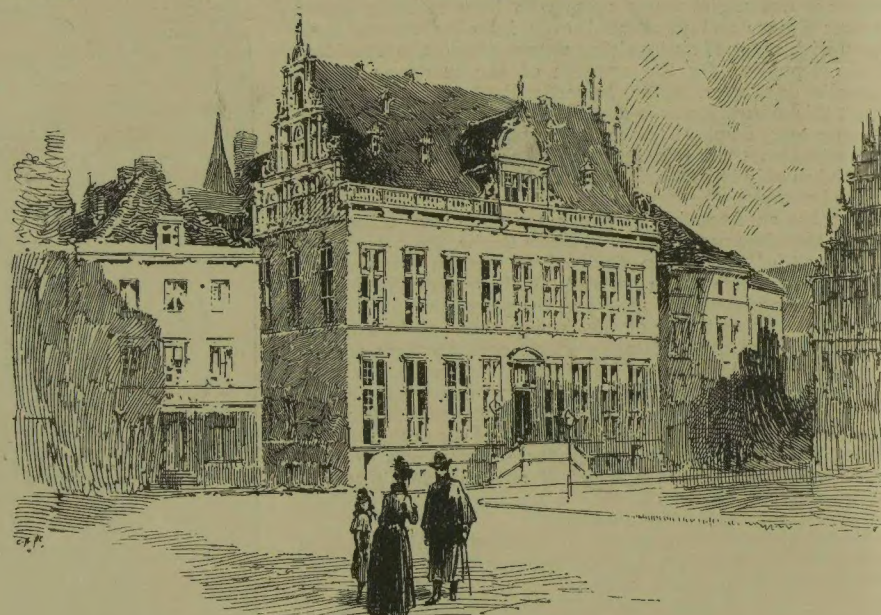
ON THE ALSTER, HAMBURG.



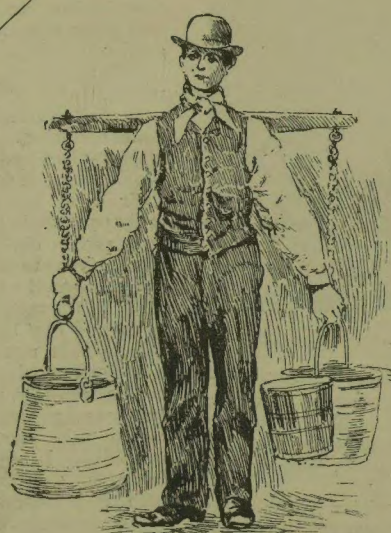
VIEW OF HAMBURG.



THE RATHHAUS, BREMEN.



THE SCHÜTTING, BREMEN.



MILKMAN OF HAMBURG.



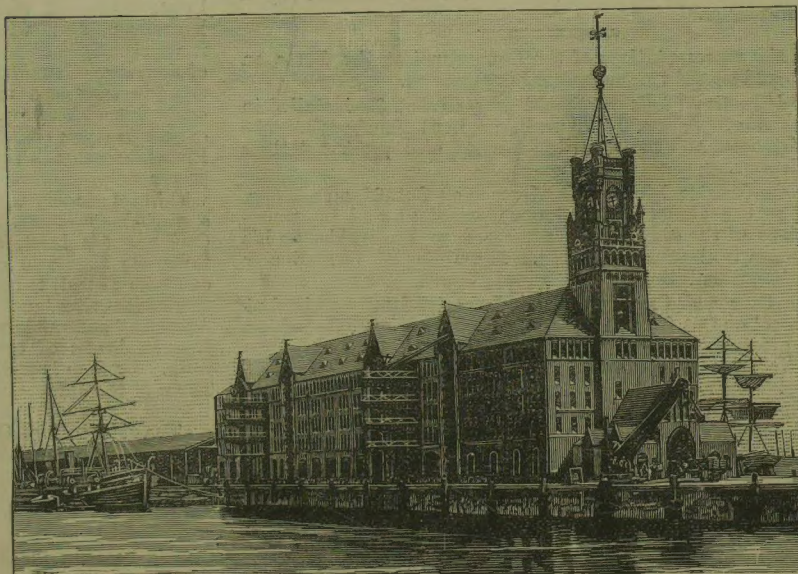
SERVANT-MAID, HAMBURG.



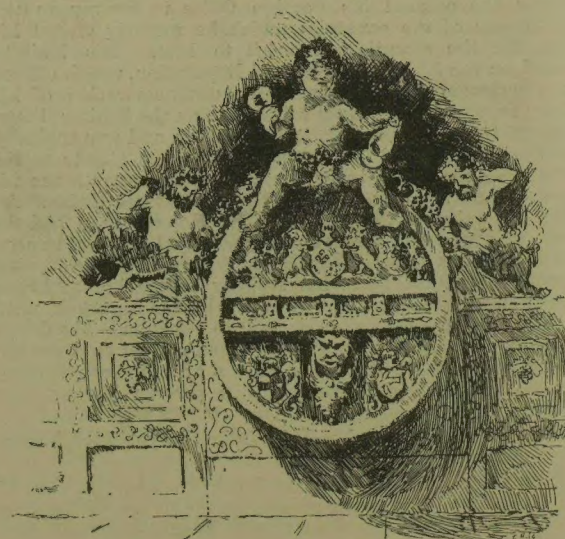
A VIERLAND BEAUTY.



FIRE BRIGADE MAN, HAMBURG.



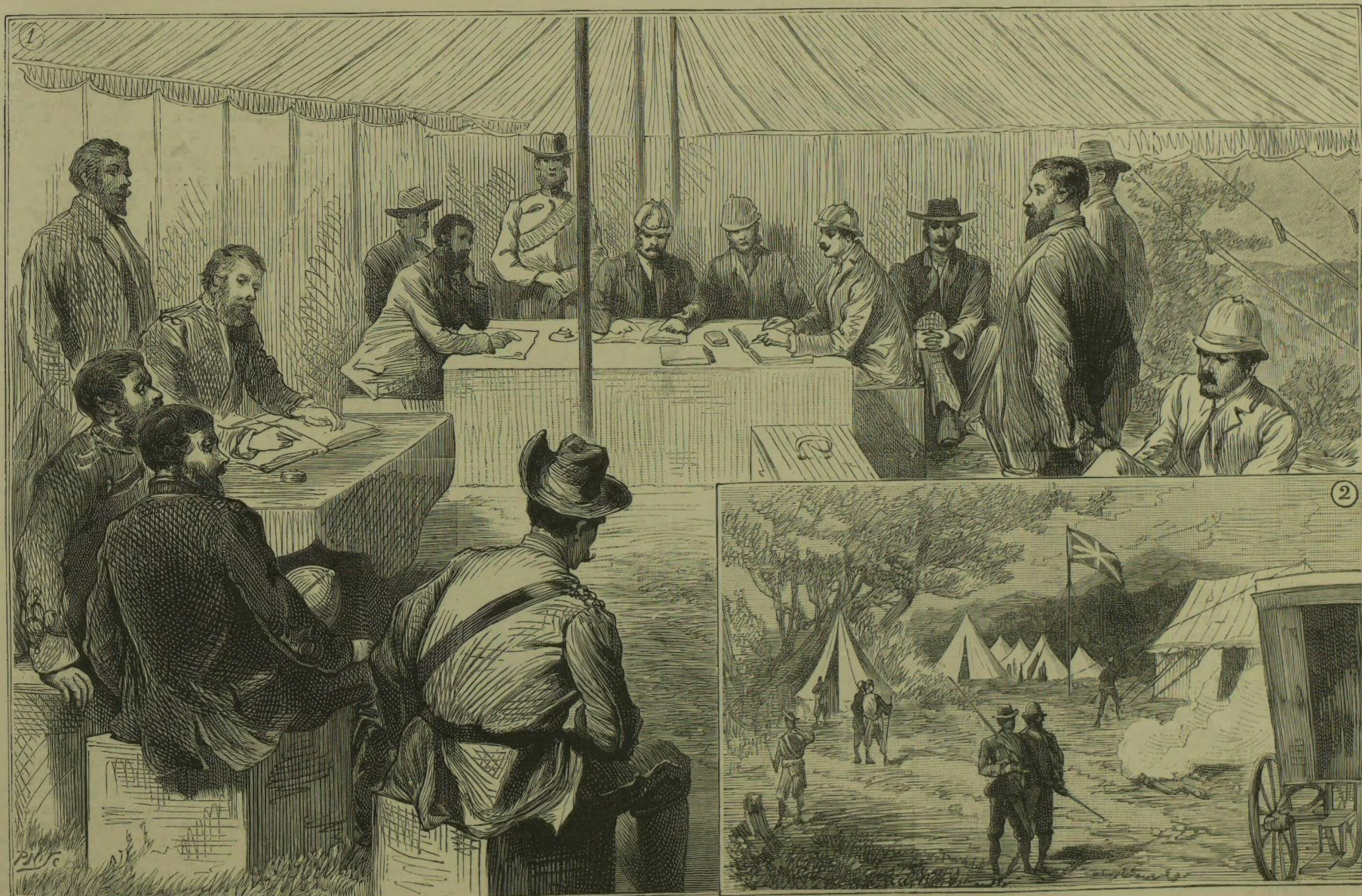
THE KAISER QUAY, HAMBURG.



SCULPTURE OF BACCHUS, AT THE RATHSKELLER, BREMEN.



CHANGING QUARTERS IN UPPER BURMAH: BAGGAGE ELEPHANTS ARRIVING IN CAMP.



1. The Court of Inquiry.

2. The Administrator's Camp.

THE BRITISH ADMINISTRATOR OF BECHUANALAND HOLDING A COURT OF INQUIRY ON THE CROCODILE RIVER.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

There is some really admirable criticism scattered about Dr. Westland Marston's lively and scholarly description of "Recent Actors." For instance, in commenting on Mrs. Glover—who is contrasted with excellent skill with Mrs. Stirling in the character of Mrs. Malaprop, giving both the benefit of their style and characteristics in interpreting a character that some think "plays itself"—our author comments on the essential difference between success in tragedy and comedy. "In reviewing a number of performers," observes Dr. Marston, "whose merits are often alike in everything but degree, it becomes difficult to apply epithets which have not lost something of their force by repetition. To say simply that Mrs. Glover's main excellence was her truth to nature, though no doubt literally correct, would hardly tell anything. Edmund Kean for instance, Macready, the Kembles were of course generally true to the passions and characters they represented. But this truthfulness can only be general in tragedy, which represents the essential feelings men have in common, and rejects everything that savours of mere peculiarity. In comedy, however, which represents the idiosyncrasies of persons, and the modes in which men differ, the expression of vivid personality is often one of the highest merits." The absolute truth of this last statement, as applied to the highest form of comedy, is very striking when one comes to consider such a performance as that of the French actor Lafontaine in the play called "Un Fils de Famille." Few comedies that have been written during the last forty years have boasted so many able interpreters, whether we consider the original French or the various English adaptations. Lafontaine was the original martinet Colonel, a part subsequently played with remarkable skill by Benjamin Webster, John Ryder, and John Hare. Bressant was the original young Lancer, a part subsequently taken by Leigh Murray, David Fisher, and W. H. Kendal. Add to these names Robert Keeley as the trumpeter and Mrs. W. H. Kendal as the heroine, and it may be taken for granted that the comedy has lost nothing at the hands of its interpreters. And yet, as we see Lafontaine now, and as we have seen him more than once in the same part of the same play, he seems to stand head and shoulders above his followers and imitators. The last time that Lafontaine played the old Colonel in the "Fils de Famille" was very shortly before H.R.H. the Prince of Wales was attacked with typhoid fever. We remember him to have been present at the French Plays to see Lafontaine, at the St. James's Theatre, immediately before the Prince's illness. No actor is better able, by slight and delicate touches, to "express the idiosyncrasies of persons and the modes in which men differ." It is difficult to believe that it is the same man who is playing L'Abbé Constantin and the old Colonel Deshayes. Both men are essentially different in temperament; both are distinct types of idiosyncrasies or marked differences in temperament.

Lafontaine's Colonel shows himself in his true colours five minutes after he has stepped on the stage—an old gentleman who has not forgotten the gallantry of his youth; a strict disciplinarian who seldom neglects to observe the manners of a gentleman; a man testy, polite, severe, courteous, quick to resent an insult, and equally quick to forgive an injury. The scene at the piano is inimitable. The old Colonel, who is fooled to the top of his bent by an adulatory sister, has been asked to sing a song in order to ingratiate himself with a pretty widow. Though of a certain age, he possesses the remnant of a pretty voice and a style of singing foreign to the nature of a younger school. His rival with the widow is a young fellow full of chaff and frivolity, who has escaped from the ranks of the Colonel's regiment and is meeting him on a common platform. The Colonel all through this excellently-played scene shows his sensitiveness and apprehension. He thinks he has seen the young fellow before, but does not know where it was; he sniffs warfare afar off; he is desirous to pick a quarrel, but too polite to do so without a cause. The change from hectoring attack to polite retraction was admirably done, and from first to last it was a specimen of the highest comedy skill. Mr. Hare's Colonel Daunt, excellent idea as it was, seemed cast in a wholly different mould. Both are as good and as distinctly apart as the Mrs. Malaprop of Mrs. Glover and of Mrs. Stirling. The school of the highest acting of comedy is almost extinct in France. Bressant and Lafont are no more; Delaunay has retired from the Français; Bouffé is just dead, and Regnier very few can remember well; at this juncture no time should be lost in seeing Lafontaine, one of the last of the old school of actors, whose Abbé Constantin and Colonel are a revelation of fine comedy skill.

The visitors to Drury-Lane Theatre have now an opportunity of seeing arranged in the grand salon one of the most perfect and extensive collections of Elizabethan relics that have ever been brought together in this country. The Plymouth collection in the summer was fair enough; but this is infinitely better. Collectors and connoisseurs of old armour, admirers of old books and pictures, all who are learned in iron chests and bric-à-brac of every degree, will probably thoroughly enjoy the entr'actes when "The Armada" is going on, and will pause in wonder and horror before the steel torture-chair, which is the sensational gem in the thousands of objects secured by Mr. Augustus Harris. "The Armada," by-the-way, is going as well as ever; and Mr. Leonard Boyne has returned to work again after a long and severe illness.

Before this week has passed away we shall have seen the promised new burlesque "Faust up to Date," at the Gaiety by Mr. George R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt; a new ballet at the Empire; and "Nadgy," the new comic opera at the Avenue, where Arthur Roberts is the hero of the entertainment. Next week we shall be more serious, for will it not be November? and the first important event will be Mr. Pettitt's drama, "Hands Across the Sea" at the Princess's.

The Bishop of Rochester, speaking at Sion College, said all that the Voluntary schools demanded was justice; those schools were the life of Christian thought and principle to the people of England.

NEW CHURCH IN CLERKENWELL.

The new Church of the Holy Redeemer, Exmouth-street, Clerkenwell, of which we give two Illustrations, is interesting from an art point of view as being, with the exception of the Oratory at Brompton, the only specimen of Italian or English Renaissance church architecture erected in the metropolis since the days of Sir Christopher Wren. In plan the church is cruciform, with nave aisles, but the transepts are shallow projections that do not rise above the roof of the aisles. The nave

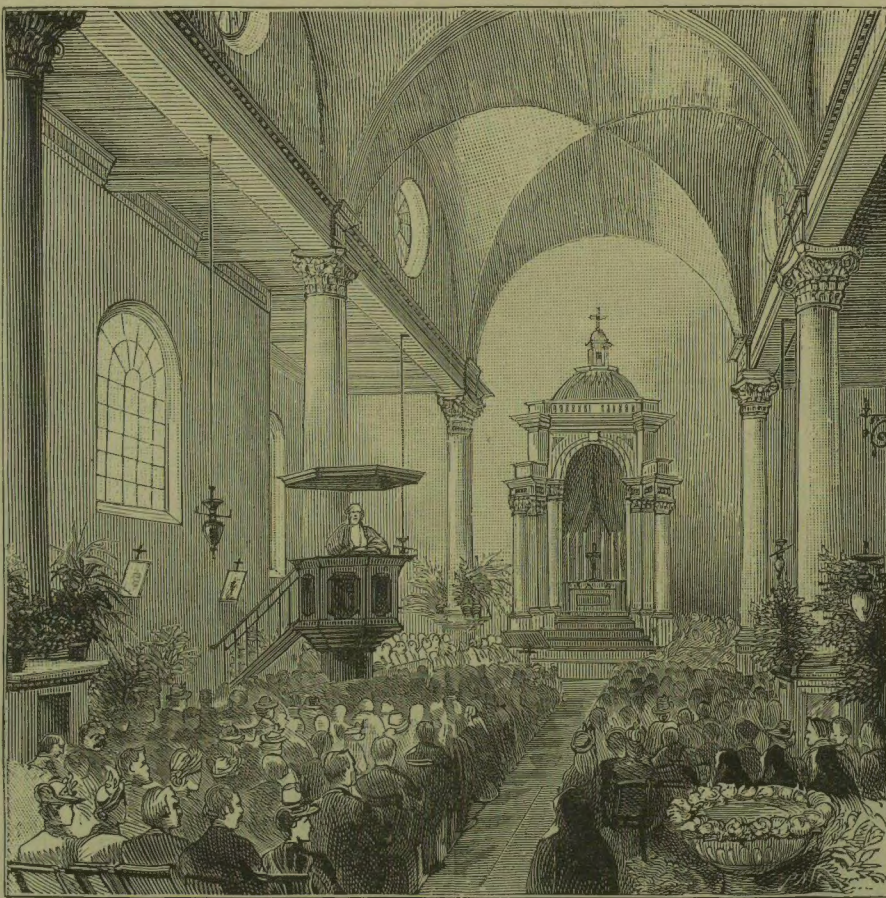


NEW CHURCH OF THE HOLY REDEEMER, EXMOUTH-STREET, CLERKENWELL.

and chancel, about 150 ft. in length, are of uniform height, and are vaulted throughout. The width of the interior is 36 ft. Of the four bays which will compose the building when complete, only three are at present finished. The easternmost bay forms the choir, and against the temporary wall has a lofty baldachino, about 40 ft. in height, standing upon marble columns. There is some excellent carving, though simple in design, on the capitals of the pillars; and the general effect is light and at the same time impressive. The architect, Mr. J. D. Sedding, of 447, Oxford-street, may be congratulated on his design, which not only pleases the eye, but is more suggestive of the purpose of the building than the Countess of Huntingdon's chapel, on the site of which the Church of the Holy Redeemer now stands. The site was given by the Marquis of Northampton, and the cost of the building is about £7000.

CAMP-BAGGAGE ELEPHANTS IN BURMAH.

To change quarters in Upper Burmah, to relieve a post, or to make even a short march, is often attended by some worries and anxieties about the conveyance of baggage. Of the means of transport there is frequently a choice, as carts, mules, ponies, and coolies are employed in this service, according to circumstances; and the elephant is also requisitioned for duty, especially in and about the neighbourhood of Mandalay, where the stud of the deposed King Theebaw was added to the animals of the Transport Department. Picking his way with careful tread along the slippery roads, or up the mountain paths of the Shan Hills, the intelligent and hard-working beast conveys on his capacious back 800 lb. or 1000 lb. weight of baggage; and,



NEW CHURCH OF THE HOLY REDEEMER, EXMOUTH-STREET, CLERKENWELL.

at the journey's end, kneels obediently at the word of command of the mahout, a preliminary, as he well knows, to biscuits or chupatties, the reward of his day's labour. Our illustration is from a sketch by Lieutenant A. E. Congdon, of the 2nd Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers at Maymyo, Upper Burmah.

In recognition of his public services during the past year the Queen has conferred the honour of knighthood on Mr. De Keyser, the retiring Lord Mayor.

The old Crimean colours of the 2nd Battalion Border Regiment (formerly the 55th) have been deposited in Kendal parish church, the regiment having recently been presented with new colours by the Duke of Cambridge.

BRITISH PROTECTORATE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

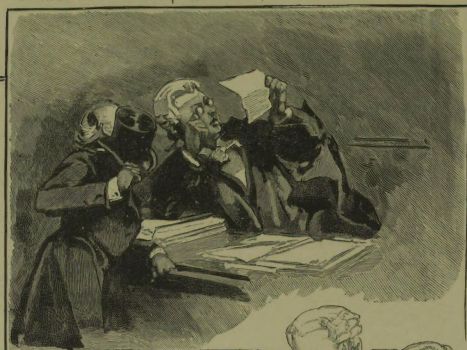
The accompanying Sketches show the progress of the British protectorate in tropical South Africa, to the north of Bechuanaland. In 1884 we took under our protection Khama's country, up to the 22nd parallel of south latitude. Last year, we limited this protection, on the north side of the Crocodile river, to a line running north from where the Macloutse river enters the Crocodile. The Boers were not slow to take advantage of this concession to make a route through to Matabeleland, where they, too, are intent on Mashona gold. They placed a pont on the Crocodile river, and sent Mr. Grobler as their Consul to Lobengulo. He passed by this pont, and entered Khama's territory between the Macloutse and Shashi rivers, violating thereby the British protectorate. The Matabele King refused to receive him; and Grobler returned by the same route, but was stopped by Khama's men for going through his country without leave, and by a route that Khama will not recognise, while the trade route through his town is free to all. Then ensued the fight in which Grobler and three of his party were wounded (Grobler has since died), and seven of the Bamangwato were wounded. This affray took place well within the protectorate. At the same time, another fight was going on at the pont, of which Francis and Chapman, with an armed party of Boers, had taken advantage to cross from the Transvaal, with a waggon laden with arms and ammunition, intent on getting to Matabeleland, to induce Lobengulo to support them against Khama about a concession in the disputed territory between the Macloutse and Shashi rivers. This party attacked Khama's men, but ultimately recrossed the river with their waggons.

To inquire into the disputed facts or conflicting stories put forward by the parties, Sir Sidney Shippard, K.C.M.G., the Administrator of British Bechuanaland, was commissioned to hold an inquiry on the spot. This inquiry was attended by delegates from the Transvaal—General Joubert and Mr. H. Pretorius, with their secretary, and two German officers of the Transvaal Artillery. On the other side, Khama, chief of the Bamangwato, was present with his brother Selechwe, and the Rev. Mr. Hepburn, a well-known missionary who has long resided in Khama's dominions. Sir Sidney Shippard had travelled up along the north bank of the Crocodile, as far as Baines' Drift, where the pont is placed, with an escort of fifty mounted police under Major Gould Adams. He was attended by Mr. Ashburnham, secretary to the Administrator of Bechuanaland; Major Gould Adams and Lieutenant Lockner, of the Bechuanaland Border Police, were also present at the Court of Inquiry. Our illustration, from a sketch by Mr. E. A. Maund, shows the scene at a sitting of this Court, with most of the gentlemen seated on boxes, as there are few chairs in that part of the country. Many witnesses gave their evidence, some in Dutch, and some in the Sechuana language, interpreters being employed. The evidence will be referred to the consideration of the Crown lawyers. Another Sketch is that of the British Commissioner's camp, situated in the bush or forest on the banks of the Crocodile river, where the Union Jack was hoisted above Sir Sidney Shippard's tent. The flag of the Transvaal Republic was hoisted on the opposite side. Khama was encamped near with about 4000 men, of whom 300 were horsemen.

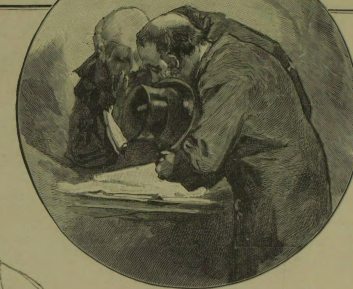
THE SPEAKER ON EDUCATIONAL EXAMINATIONS.

The Speaker presided at the annual prize distribution of Portland Wesleyan School, Leamington, on Oct. 29, and delivered an address on the sacrifice of education to examinations. The great subject of education was (he said) at this moment exciting an unusual amount of attention in the country. It threatened, even before long, to become a burning question. It was a very curious thing that this subject of education had been so long before the country. If any gentleman would go to the House of Commons and ask to see the Journals of that House he would find that the very earliest entry there was that of a Bill introduced in 1547, entitled "A Bill for the Bringing-up of Poor Men's Children." From that day to this they had had vast changes, certainly, in the educational system, but it was only recently that there had been anything like a national system of education. Public attention had been called in a leading review to the question of these examinations. About a month ago he was furnished with a document asking for his adhesion by signature to a series of statements to the effect that there were too many examinations, and that examinations were killing education. Prize-winning is a noble ambition, but that ambition in itself might degenerate into a downright vice. There was in the sporting world a person known by the name of the "pot-hunter." So it was with some boys and girls who were encouraged by their friends—held up as models by the school in which they received their training. There was, however, grave danger in the system. Were these prizes ends or were they means? If they were means to something else, well and good; let them be taken and enjoyed, and let those who win them get a proper meed of honour. What he disputed and deprecated was the habit of going in for prizes alone. Complaints were being made now that they were spread all over the country that the examinations were becoming too rigid, too systematised, and that they did not allow the play of individual minds to prove themselves, and the result was that they did not always get the best boys or girls for their examinations. He was not asking for the abolition of competition or the abolition of examination. That was impossible under the English system, unless they reverted to pure patronage and favour, which none of them wished to do. It was impossible to believe that the questions put to children in schools and young men entering public offices were exactly those which were best fitted to show they had profited by their education. There was a class of persons who played into the examiners' hands, and he was sorry to say the examiners played into their hands. It was known what kind of examination was to be held; and a class of people known as crammers crammed boys up for this special examination, and the result was an artificial system throughout. The examinations should and must be sensible examinations, and such as to elicit the whole mental calibre of the boy, and to detect and defeat a system of cramming.

Justice in search of the truth.



Truth in search of Justice.



Sir R. Webster
Mr Geo Lewis

Sir Henry James
Mr Parnell

Sir C. Russell

Mr Justin M'Carthy

Mr Michael Davitt.

Mr Biggar.

THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSIONERS SITTING AT THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR IN ITALY.

Some account has been given of the visit of the Emperor William II. to the King of Italy, and his Majesty's sojourn at Rome, and for two days at Naples, between Oct. 11 and Oct. 19, with the military review at Centocelle, the naval review and launch of a great war-ship at Castellamare, and other interesting spectacles provided for his entertainment.

The arrival of the King and his Imperial guest at Naples, on Oct. 16, was greeted with enthusiastic popular acclamations. Their Majesties, accompanied by Prince Henry of Prussia and the Dukes of Aosta and Genoa, were received at the railway-station by the Mayor of Naples and the civil and military authorities. The Royal party drove to the palace through the Strada Carriera, the Via Grande, the Strada Foria, the Corso Garibaldi, and the Via di Toledo, which is now called Via Roma. The Emperor and the King were everywhere received with the utmost enthusiasm by the crowds in the streets. The cortège was followed by the Workmen's Associations from the suburbs, headed by bands of music, as well as by the Fishermen's Company, in picturesque costumes. The Piazza del Plebiscito, in front of the Royal Palace, was crammed with spectators. On the appearance of the Emperor's carriage the applause became deafening, and continued as the Royal party entered the palace, the cries of "Long live the Emperor," and "Long live the King," being incessant. The Emperor and King Humbert, with the Royal Princes, shortly afterwards appeared on the balcony, when the acclamations of the people were renewed with increased vigour.

Very soon after his arrival the Emperor went out with the King to visit the Museum, where Signor Botticelli, the Minister of Public Instruction, was waiting to conduct their Majesties through the building and point out the principal

objects of interest. The visit lasted an hour and a half, during which the Emperor conversed with the Ministers and Generals in attendance. In the evening the Piazza del Plebiscito, on one side of which the palace stands, was lighted up in very effective style. While a band played a serenade in front of the palace, the Emperor and King Humbert came out on the balcony and remained several minutes in view of the people.

At Rome, on the 18th, in the evening, after the return of their Majesties from Naples, the Emperor, Prince Henry, the King and Queen, and several members of the Italian Royal family went to the Palatine to view the illumination of the Coliseum, the Forum, and other monuments of the ancient city. The display of fireworks thrown up from the interior of the Coliseum, and casting, as they rose above its stupendous walls, a vivid glare of light on the ruins of Imperial Rome, was, indeed, a strange and marvellous exhibition.

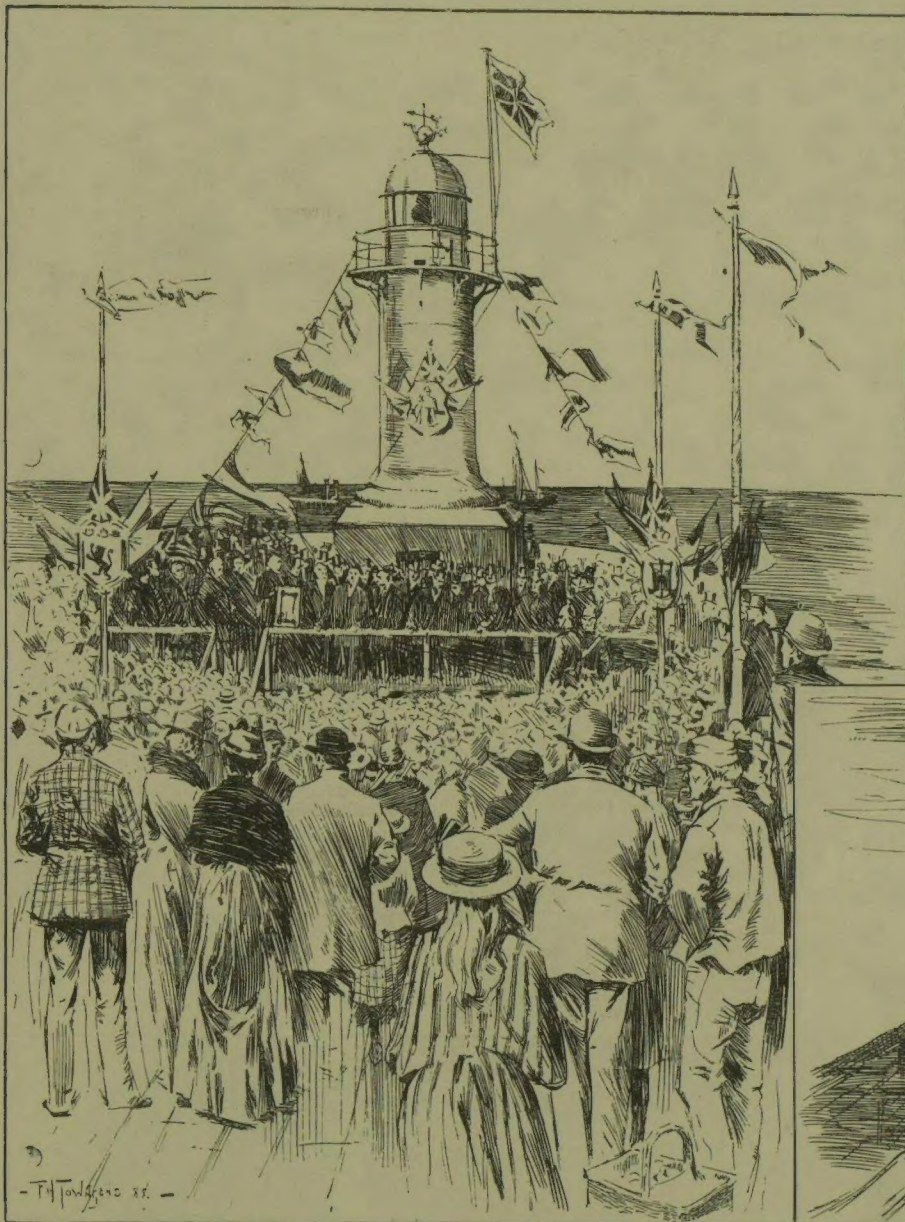
THE PARNELL INQUIRY COMMISSION.

The sittings of the three judicial Commissioners, Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice A. L. Smith, appointed under an Act of Parliament to inquire concerning the charges and allegations set forth by the *Times*, and by the Counsel for its proprietor in the trial of "O'Donnell v. Walter," against Mr. Parnell and many Irish members of Parliament and others connected with the Land League and the National League, were resumed on Tuesday, Oct. 30, in the Probate Court, Royal Courts of Justice. The Attorney-General, Sir Richard Webster, the leading Counsel for the *Times*, had finished his speech on Friday, the 26th, having gone through all the matters of which he was prepared to bring evidence. The other Counsel on that side were Sir Henry James, Q.C.,

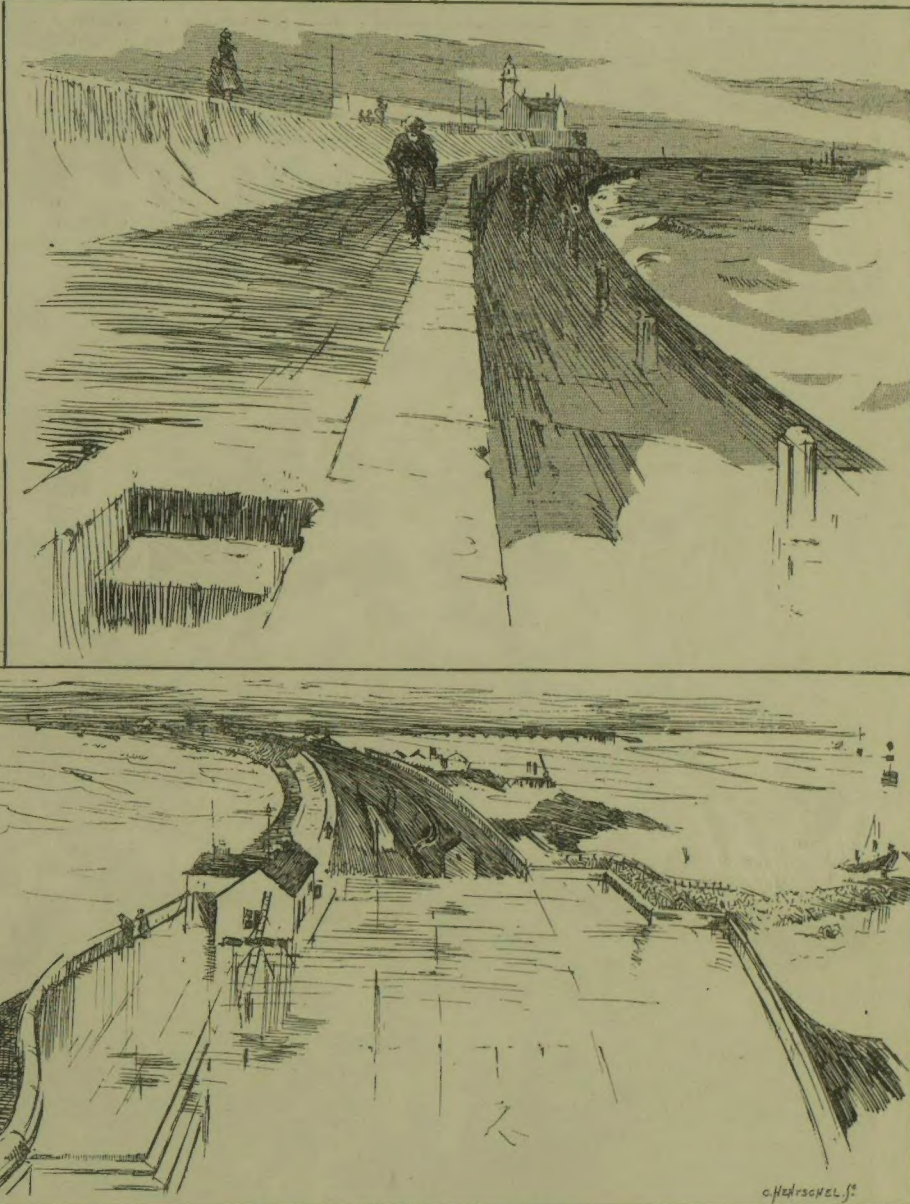
Mr. Murphy, Q.C., and Mr. W. Graham, of the English Bar, and Mr. John Atkinson, Q.C., and Mr. Ronan of the Irish Bar. Mr. Parnell was represented by Sir C. Russell, Q.C., and Mr. Asquith; and the other members of Parliament against whom charges have been brought by Mr. R. T. Reid, Q.C., Mr. F. Lockwood, Q.C., Mr. Lionel Hart, Mr. A. O'Connor, and Mr. A. Russell, of the English Bar, and Mr. T. Harrington, of the Irish Bar. Mr. Hammond (solicitor) represented Mr. Chance. Mr. Biggar and Mr. Davitt appeared in person. Sir Walter Phillimore and Mr. Fitzgerald appeared for the Hibernian Bank, and Mr. Wheeler, Q.C., for the National Bank. The first business on Tuesday, the 30th, was to decide on an application to enforce the order to produce the books of these banks for inspection of the National League banking accounts, as well as the cheques and other documents concerning those accounts. The Court resolved to enforce this order. The Attorney-General then called his first witness, Bernard O'Malley, a head-constable of the Irish Constabulary, to give evidence of speeches made in July, 1880, at Milltown Malbay, Clare, by Thomas Brennan, J. W. Nally, and others, and in Galway, a few months later, by Mr. Matthew Harris, Patrick Gordon, and others, inciting the people to fight, and threatening the landlords with violence. Evidence of the same kind was given by another head-constable named Irwin, and the Court adjourned for the day.

The four-light west window of the south aisle of Rnabon Church, North Wales, has been recently filled by the Dowager Lady Williams Wynn with some finely-painted glass to the memory of her late husband, Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, the sixth Baronet, who died at Wynnstay in 1885. Messrs. Ward and Hughes, of London, are the artists.

On the side of the Breakwater towards the sea.



Opening Ceremony at the Light-house.



View along the Breakwater, from the Light-house.

THE RIGHT HON. W. H. SMITH OPENING THE SOUTH GARE BREAKWATER, AT THE MOUTH OF THE TEES, NEAR MIDDLESBROUGH.

NEW BREAKWATER AT MOUTH OF THE TEES.

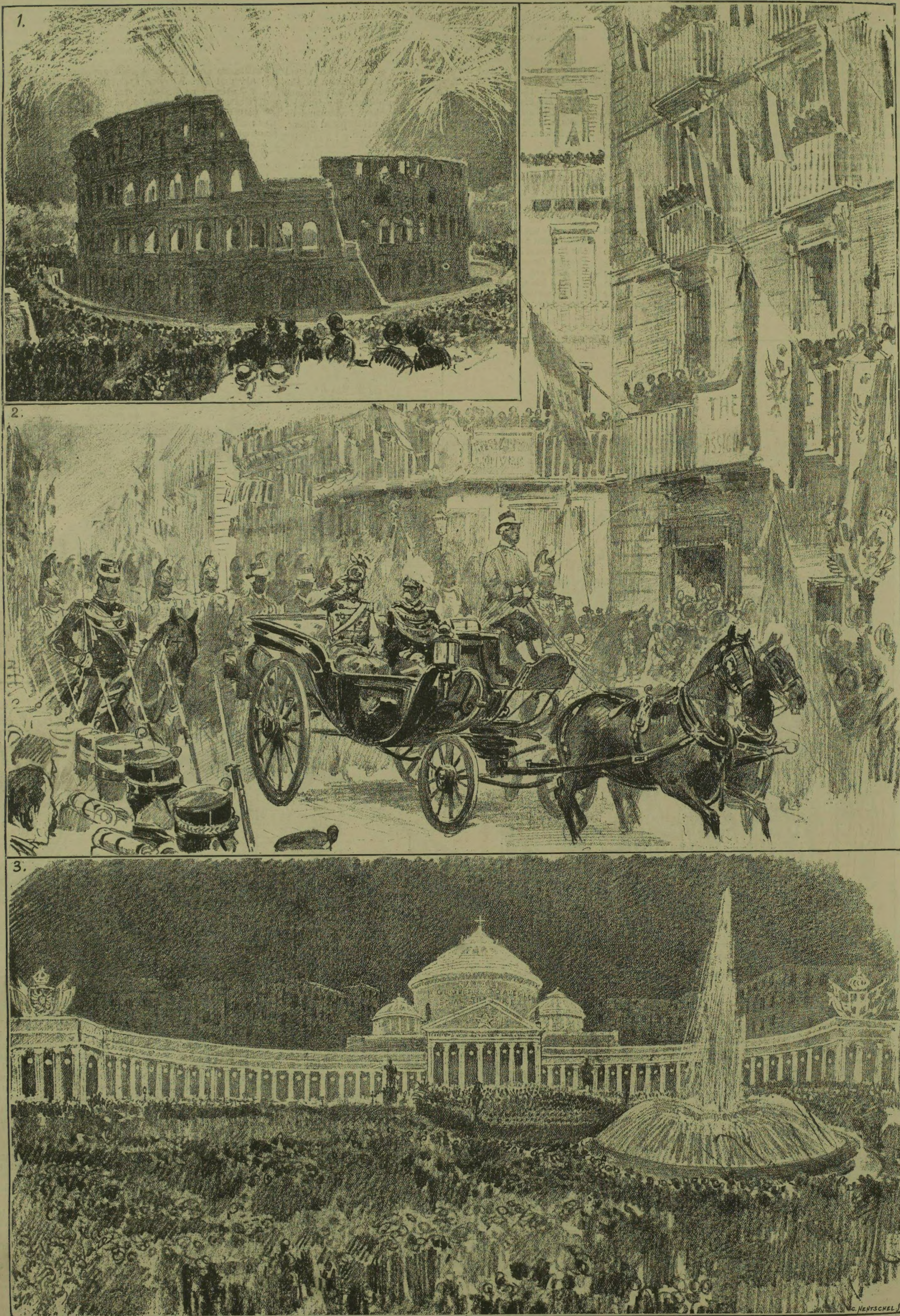
A public work of much importance to the commerce of Stockton-upon-Tees, and the coal and iron districts of Middlesbrough and Cleveland, has just been completed. On Thursday, Oct. 25, the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, M.P., First Lord of her Majesty's Treasury, formally opened the South Gare Breakwater at the mouth of the Tees, which has been constructed at a net cost of £250,000. The improvement of that river reflects great credit upon the Tees Conservancy Commissioners, consisting of Sir Joseph Whitwell Pease, M.P., the chairman, and several other gentlemen largely interested in the industries of the district. Fifty years ago, Middlesbrough was a lonely hamlet, amidst a waste of marshes, sandbanks, and waters of the Tees estuary. The discovery of the Cleveland ironstone, the works of Messrs. Bolckow and Vaughan, established between 1840 and 1850, and since greatly extended, and more recently the working of rock salt, have brought a large industrial population, supported by capital to the amount of several millions sterling. The river has been greatly improved to meet the growing requirements of the iron and other trades. Miles of training walls and great breakwaters have been formed of millions of tons of slag, the waste product from the blast furnaces; and the wide estuary between Redcar and Seaton Snook has been converted into a spacious harbour of refuge, guarded by a corps of Marine Engineers, furnished with the most scientific electrical appliances. Vessels from all parts of the world come to Middlesbrough and find every accommodation in the docks. The borough has now a population of 75,000, and there are signs of further extension on every side. In 1852 the Tees Conservancy Commission was formed and took the management of the river, having for their engineer Mr. John Fowler, who

died very recently. Before they began operations there were three, and sometimes four, channels in the estuary, all very shallow, and, owing to the shifting sand-banks, subject to be frequently changed. The Commissioners selected the south channel, and by dikes and dredging made it safe and easily navigable. From Stockton Bridge to the mouth of the river twenty miles of low-water training walls have been erected for the purpose of confining the channel to one course, increasing the volume of water and its scouring power. By dredging in the bed of the river its depth from Stockton downwards has been increased. The total quantity dredged since 1854 has been about 22,700,000 tons, of which 2,129,750 tons were dredged last year. Several projections have been cut off, and the portion cut between Stockton and Newport has been widened. Dangerous reefs have been removed by blasting, and fourteen miles of high-water embankments have been constructed. About 2600 acres of land have been reclaimed, of which over 1000 acres have been sold. Graving and ship docks have also been built by the Commissioners. The most important, difficult, and costly work undertaken by the Commissioners was the breakwaters, the object of which, by fixing the sandbank, was to improve the passage over the bar and the channel of the river, while it would form a harbour of refuge in stormy weather. It was pointed out that by using the waste slag from the blast furnaces in the district the breakwaters might be constructed at a much less cost than of stone. Plans were prepared by Mr. Fowler, and it was resolved to proceed with the work, the Public Works Loan Commissioners lending the Tees Conservancy £80,000 with which to commence operations. The work was carried on under great difficulties, as heavy storms destroyed it from time to time. In 1873 it was resolved to protect the slag with concrete, adding greatly to the cost; but this appeared to be the only way in which the

violence of the waves could be checked, heavy seas sometimes carrying away as much as 100 feet of slag from one side of the embankment. A circle of concrete blocks, weighing each from 40 tons to 300 tons, protects the toe of the end of the breakwater, upon which has been erected a light-house with an iron shaft. There is a wrought-iron lantern, with a revolving heliophotal apparatus of the fourth order, and the focal plane of the light is 35 ft. above the level of the sea. The total length of the South Gare Breakwater is about two miles and a half. In 1863 the depth at the bar at low-water was 3½ ft., and now it is 19 ft. The construction of the North Gare Breakwater was begun about seven years ago, and is making satisfactory progress.

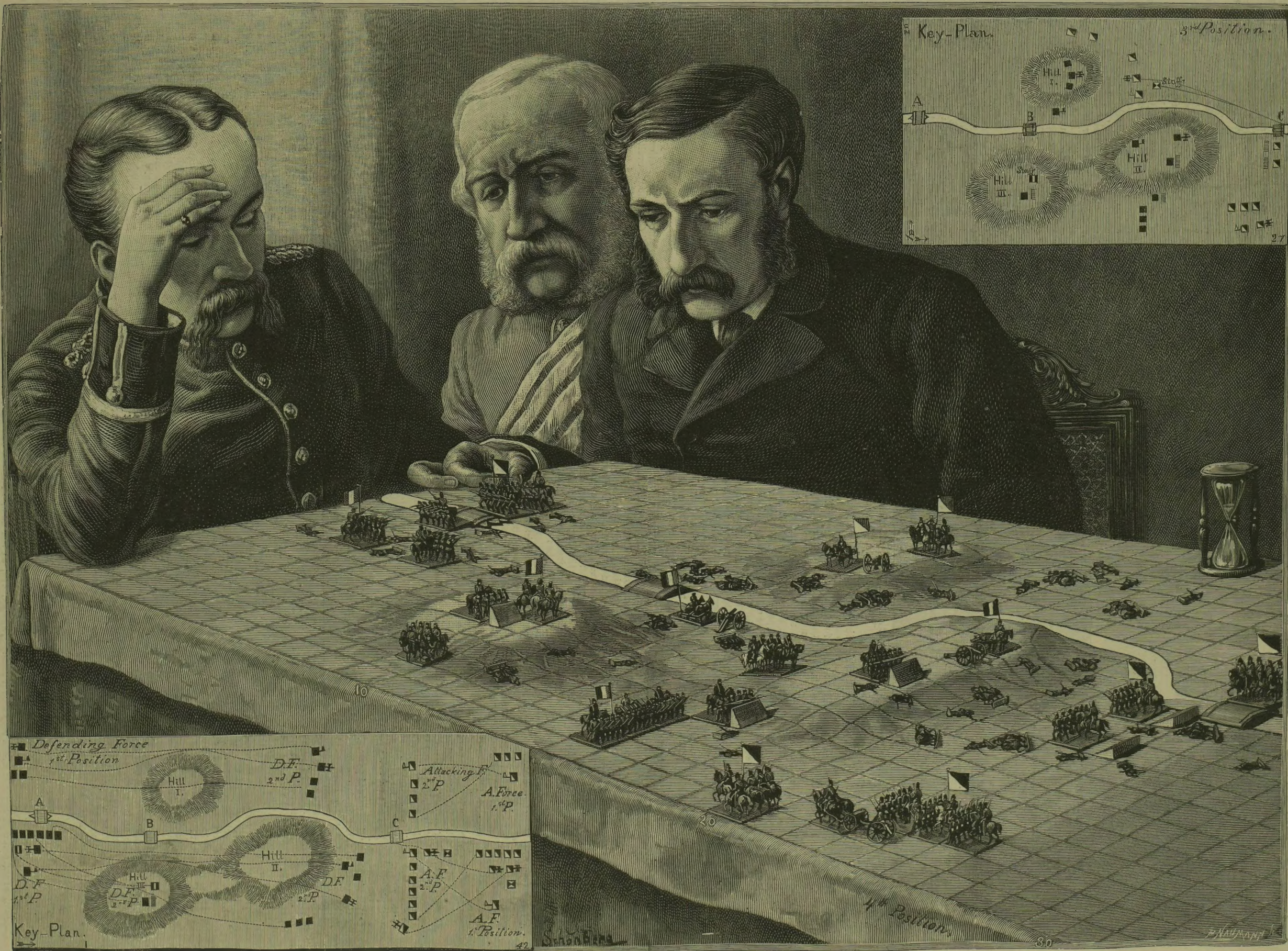
The death is announced of the Dowager Maharanee of Indore. The Maharanee left the seals to the next senior dowager, and, previous to her death, informed the British Resident about the future succession, and also sent a telegram to the Viceroy.

The late Mr. H. S. Leifchild, a sculptor of much talent, left in his studio, at 13, Kirkstall-road, close to the railway-station at Streatham-hill, some works deserving the attention of those interested in ideal sculpture. These may be inspected by visitors during the next few weeks, and collectors or connoisseurs of such works of art should avail themselves of the opportunity. Examples of Mr. Leifchild's style, from the beginning to the end of his career, will be found in the studio. They include the marble statue (heroic size) of the Greek poetess Erinna, which was exhibited in the Royal Academy in 1864, and which has been purchased to be presented to Holloway College; also the grand figure of "Opportunity," exhibited in 1882; and many others, some of which are to be placed in the art galleries of the Castle Museum at Nottingham.



1. Illumination of the Coliseum at Rome. 2. The Emperor and the King of Italy passing through the Via Roma (formerly the Toledo) at Naples. 3. Illumination of the Piazza del Plebiscito at Naples.

VISIT OF THE GERMAN EMPEROR TO ROME AND NAPLES.



THE NEW WAR GAME, "POLEMOS," AS PLAYED AT THE ROYAL UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION.

THE NEW WAR GAME, "POLEPOS."

Professional and amateur students of the art of modern military tactics have recently had introduced to their notice a new game, invented by Dr. D. C. B. Griffith, of Brighton, which seems both interesting and instructive. Differing considerably from the "Kriegspiel" and other games of this kind, it is well adapted to represent, within a limited area, any kind of field-maneuvres in which a complete regiment is the recognised unit. The game is played on a cloth 10 ft. by 5 ft., divided into squares, each representing a distance of 400 yards, and can be set out on an ordinary dining-table. The opposing forces are represented by an equal number of regiments and batteries of artillery, each distinguished by its uniform and arms. The field of operations can be varied by the addition, in any form, of hills, rivers, redoubts, lines of intrenchment, and buildings—the possession of which may constitute the special object of attack or defence, or the winning-point of the game. Well-defined rules, which are quite consistent with all the general principles of warfare, determine the mode of advance (front or flank) of each regiment, in column or line, the time and space covered in a move, the delay caused by obstacles, and other points. Chance has no place in the game; the winning-point can be determined by mutual consent in any position, and no umpire is needed. A full description of the game can be obtained from Mr. Roles, 32, Duke-street, Brighton. It obtained a prize medal at the International Inventions Exhibition of 1885.

For a right understanding of this war-game, a critical position of which is shown in our illustration, we must give a short description of what is taking place.

The tract of undulating country represented on the map or key-plan is about five miles by seven. Its chief feature is an impassable river, winding from left to right, between three hills from 600 to 800 ft. in height. The river is crossed by a bridge at B, and by another, several miles lower down its course, at C.

The opposing forces engaged are, roughly speaking, about 10,000 men of all arms on either side. They are here respectively distinguished on the table by flags with diagonal divisions of black and white, for the attacking force; and by flags displaying three perpendicular divisions, black, white, and shaded, for the defending force. On the key-plan, the squares of the defending force are black.

A town is supposed to be well away to the extreme left of the battle-field; the object of the defending force is to cover this town from a hostile force known to be about fifteen miles distant to the right, and to be rapidly advancing to the attack. This attacking force is reported to be divided. About one third of it is on the left bank, or further side, of the river, and is composed of one regiment of cavalry and three battalions of infantry. The main body is on the right bank, or near side, of the river, and consists of the staff, two batteries of artillery (of six guns each), one regiment of cavalry, and five battalions of infantry. Both divisions are making for the bridge at C, in order to effect a junction there.

The defending force, for their part, send forward one battery of artillery (six guns), one regiment of cavalry, and two battalions of infantry, to occupy the hill marked No. 1, on the left, or further bank of the river. On the right, or near bank, one battalion of infantry is ordered to occupy the hill marked No. 3, and to entrench itself there; and is accompanied by the staff, which takes up a commanding position on the top of the hill. The main body, consisting of one battery of artillery (six guns), one regiment of cavalry, and five battalions of infantry, meantime advances, and occupies the hill marked No. 2, and the plain to the right of it.

From its higher ground the defending force describes the enemy marching to capture the Bridge C. Orders are immediately given for the simultaneous advance of the troops on both sides of the river, from Hills 1 and 2, and from the plain to the right of Hill 2; in order to prevent, if possible, the seizure of Bridge C, and the consequent amalgamation of the hostile force.

The batteries and cavalry on both sides are soon in action; but the infantry of the attacking force, getting up to the support of their cavalry and artillery before the infantry of the defending force can come up on their side, after a sharp skirmish drive the defenders back, and they eventually retreat to their former positions on Hill 2 and the adjacent plain, where they at once commence entrenching themselves.

The assailants, having thus gained possession of Bridge C, proceed to throw up entrenchments for its protection on the right bank of the river and opposite Hill 2. When safely entrenched, a battery is despatched over the bridge to the assistance of their hard-pressed troops on the left bank. Thus reinforced, these are now enabled likewise to drive back the weaker force in front of them to Hill 1. The battery, the cavalry, and one battalion of infantry attack this hill in front, while the other two battalions of infantry succeed in working round to the far side of the hill, and attack it in flank. The defenders, being thus outflanked and outnumbered, are compelled to retire; they retreat over Bridge B, which they blow up, losing severely while doing this under a heavy fire from the hostile battery, which gains the summit of Hill 1.

The Hill 1 being thus captured, and that side of the river being cleared of the defenders, the staff proceeds to take up its position there; the attacking infantry push on some distance up the river and begin throwing a pontoon-bridge at A, and the cavalry are sent back over Bridge C to strengthen the main body of the assailants, now in its turn hard pressed. For, in the meantime, the defenders on and about Hill 2, observing that the force in front of them is weakened by the before-mentioned withdrawal over the river of one battery, and by the loss of the support of the troops which have gone forward to attack Hill 1, once more advance to the assault; but the enemy, being entrenched, succeed in repulsing them, though only after a close and severe struggle, in which they are for some time in the greatest jeopardy, and the defenders again fall back upon their old positions on and about Hill 2. It will be remembered that the left wing of the defenders' troops driven over Bridge B (which they blew up) consisted of one battery of artillery (now reduced to three guns), one regiment of cavalry, and two battalions of infantry, now considerably weakened. These are now ordered to take up the following positions. The battery advances down the river in the valley between Hills 2 and 3, and, although weak, attempts again to engage the

enemy's battery posted on Hill 1. The cavalry ride over Hill 3 to cover the flank of the infantry on the plain below Hill 2. The two battalions march up the river to the rear, and endeavour to check the crossing of the river by the three hostile battalions over the Pontoon-Bridge A, and to preserve their communications with the town. It is this particular crisis in the game which was sketched by our Artist, and is represented in our illustration.

The subsequent dénouement and finale are as follow:—The enemy's battery on Hill 1 silences the defending battery in the valley between Hills 2 and 3. Descending to the river-bank, it then begins to fire across the river upon the flank of the defenders' troops, occupying Hill 3. This manoeuvre compels



VALLEY OF THE UMVOLOSI, ZULULAND, LOOKING TOWARDS SOMKELI'S STRONGHOLD AND ST. LUCIA BAY.

the retirement of the two battalions in the extreme rear, closely pursued by the three hostile battalions, which have forced a passage over the Pontoon-Bridge A, and thus severed the defenders' communications. The Hill 3 being thus made untenable by the combined rear (infantry) and flank (artillery) attack, is captured and occupied; and the defenders are driven into the valley between Hills 2 and 3, where they become exposed to an enfilading fire from the battery on the other side of the river, which, in order to reach them, takes up a fresh position lower down. The main body of the enemy, lying before Hill 2, observing that Hill 3 is now held by its own battalions, at once advances from its intrenchments and makes a general attack upon the defenders, on Hill 2 and the outlying plain. The defenders, being thus surrounded, being exposed to three fires, and having lost their line of communications with the town in their rear, have no alternative but to surrender, to escape annihilation.

PLANTING IN BRITISH NORTH BORNEO.

The last British consular report from British North Borneo describes the progress which is being made there in the introduction of new plants. Last year pepper appeared for the first time among the exports, and much is expected in future from it. It is a remunerative crop, and is rapidly extending in the Bundoo district, where there is such a large infusion of Chinese blood that the people may almost be said to belong to that thriving and industrious race. In the neighbourhood of Sandakan Bay a British company is planting Manila hemp and pineapples for the fibre. The same company is also proceeding with the cultivation of Liberian coffee and pepper, and coffee estates are being laid out elsewhere. It is purposed shortly to give attention to indiarubber and rattans. Both of these plants are indigenous, growing wild in the forests, so that there can be no doubt of the suitability of the country for their production, while, owing to their growing



CAMP OF INDWANDWA, ZULULAND, WHERE THE CHIEF USIBEPU WAS ATTACKED BY DINIZULU.

under natural forest shade, their cultivation will not be attended with the expenses incident to the opening and maintenance of ordinary estates. During 1887 applications for 278,335 acres of land were received by the Commissioner of Lands, 218,000 by Dutch and about 60,000 acres by English planters or companies.

The preachers at Westminster Abbey for November are:—Sunday, 4th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Rev. J. H. Cheadle, Minor Canon; at three p.m., in choir, Canon Prothero. Sunday, 11th, at ten a.m., in choir, the Bishop of Bedford; at three p.m., in choir, Canon Prothero. Sunday, 18th, at ten a.m., in choir, Canon Maclure, Vicar of Rochdale; at three p.m., in choir, Archdeacon Farrar. Sunday, 25th, at ten a.m., in choir, Canon McCormick, Vicar of Hull; at three p.m., in choir, Archdeacon Farrar. Thursday, 1st, All Saints, at three p.m., in choir, the Dean of Windsor. Friday, 30th, St. Andrew, at three p.m., in choir, the Rev. S. Flood Jones, Precentor.

THE OUTBREAK IN ZULULAND.

The suppression of the brief outbreak of native warfare in Zululand, by the prompt action of the small British military force under command of Lieutenant-General Smyth, has been related in our Journal. It was successfully accomplished in the months of July and August, when the insurgent chiefs, members of the family of the late famous King Cetewayo, were forced one after another to surrender. These persons were Dinizulu, a son of Cetewayo, claiming to succeed him in the Royal authority, and his three uncles, N'Dabuko, Somkeli, and Tsingana, each of whom was the leader of several thousand warriors of the former Zulu army. They had given credit to a rumour last year that the British sovereignty or protectorate over Zululand was about to be withdrawn. Instead of this, Zululand was, in August, 1887, formally annexed to the British Empire. The disappointed partisans of a restored native Kingdom then began to attack Usibepu, a chief loyal to the British authority; and in June last there were gathering hosts of enemies in several parts of the country. Dinizulu assembled a considerable force of Usutis in the Cesa Bush, which is in the north-west corner of Zululand, near the frontier of the New Boer Republic. Tsingana established himself in a strong position on the Hlopekulu mountain; while Somkeli retired to his favourite stronghold of Douka-douka, amidst the swamps and morasses adjacent to the great St. Lucia lagoon, on the sea-coast. The police-station of Umsindusi, on the Lower Umvolosi, fifty miles north-east of Etshowe, in charge of Mr. Pretorius, Assistant-Commissioner of the Coast District, was closely besieged until July 8, when it was relieved by Major M'Kean, with 160 of his Inniskilling Dragoons, a company of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, and a company of the North Staffordshire Regiment, aided by John Dunn, the well-known "Zulu Englishman," with his "impi" of 2000 natives, and by 200 mounted Basutos. There was very little fighting. The General in command then established a line of military posts across the country from Etshowe, the basis of operations, a place noted for Colonel Pearson's stout defence of it during the Cetewayo war of 1879, to the advanced headquarters of his field-force at N'tonjaneni, of which we gave an illustration. A fort, named Fort M'Kean, overlooking the Umsindusi valley, was rapidly constructed, and was left with a sufficient garrison, while the mounted troops, divided into three parties, were sent by different routes through the insurgent districts, where they soon broke up all large bodies of the enemy. We have been favoured by Mr. Joshua A. Nunn, F.R.G.S., veterinary surgeon, of the Army Veterinary Department, with the two Sketches now published. One is that of the stronghold of Somkeli in the marshes towards St. Lucia Bay; the other is that of Indwandwa, in the north of Zululand, where Usibepu was attacked by Dinizulu, and nearly all the men of his tribe were slaughtered, which was the occasion of the late war.

MUSIC.

The performances of the National Russian Opera Company at the "Jodrell" (late the "Novelty") theatre, have consisted of repetitions of Rubinstein's opera "The Demon," the production of which on the opening night of Oct. 22 has already been noticed by us. The dramatic and vocal excellence of M. Winogradow in the title-character has continued to be a special feature in the representations of Rubinstein's opera; and it is to be hoped that the theatrical performances of the company will be attended with a success that may compensate for the unsatisfactory results of the previous concerts given at the Royal Albert Hall. It is said that M. Winogradow has been engaged by Mr. Augustus Harris for five years in association with his forthcoming Italian Opera seasons.

The third of the new series of Saturday Afternoon Concerts at the Crystal Palace took place on Oct. 27, when the programme comprised several special features. Absolute novelties were a "Benedictus," by Dr. Mackenzie, and an "Offertoire," for organ, by Mr. J. F. Barnett. The first-named piece is for violins, with accompaniment of wind instruments, and contains some charmingly melodious writing, replete with graceful expression. It is an adaptation and amplification of one of a set of pieces for violin and pianoforte by the same composer. Mr. Barnett's organ piece was intended for performance at the recent Birmingham Festival. It is in an appropriate style of calm placidity, and gained deserved applause. It was ably rendered by the composer. Herr Grieg's concert-overture, "In Autumn" (given at the Birmingham Festival last August); and an effective scena, "At the cloister-gate," for two female voices, female chorus, orchestra, and organ (by the same composer), were features in the concert now referred to, which likewise included Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," the solo vocalists in which were Misses Anna Williams and M. Curran and Mr. Lloyd—the ladies having been the soloists in Herr Grieg's scena, and the gentleman having contributed the "Preislied" from Wagner's "Die Meistersinger."

Mr. William Carter has begun a new series of his grand festival concerts at the Royal Albert Hall, the opening performance of which was of a Scottish character in celebration of Hallowe'en.

An important addition will be made to musical activity on Nov. 7, when the institution hitherto known as the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society will enter on its eighteenth season under the changed title of the "Royal Choral Society." The gigantic choir trained and conducted by Mr. Barnby has long ago attained special eminence by the excellence of its performances, and these will again be heard in Mozart's "Requiem" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater" on Nov. 7.

The recent provincial tour of the Marie Roze Opera Company has been attended with such special success that arrangements have been made by Mr. N. Vert for another series of performances, to be given in Scotland and Ireland as well as in England, commencing early in January. These performances will not change the date of Madame Marie Roze's departure for her projected tour in Australia, America, &c.

Mr. Pritchard Morgan has been elected member of Parliament for Merthyr Tydfil, in the place of the late Mr. Henry Richard. He polled 7149 votes, against 4936 given to Mr. Griffiths.

BY DERBYSHIRE STREAMS.

THE VALE OF THE DERWENT.

Away yonder to the north the moorland stretches for miles in shadow; but down here in the vale of the Woodlands the sunlight is peeping, touching the waters of the Derwent with silvery tints, glistening the wet breasts of the moss-grown stones against which the river's spray is ever tossing, and forming delicate often-changing traceries on pasture and rougher hillside—a graceful fretwork of foliage reflected by this shaft of sunlight as it moves through the woods. The leaves, flecked with gold and brown and ruddier hues, are gently fluttered by



THE STRAITS, DOVE DALE.

the west wind, reminded that there is a limit to life, and they fall to die in rich clusters, whispering as they go of the loveliness of the Ashopton glen.

With light knapsack, and lighter rod, you wander by the river-side, skirt the base of Winhill and the village of Hathersage, noted as the burial-place of Robin Hood's giantlike friend, Little John, and as the locality in which Charlotte Brontë's heroine, "Jane Eyre," sprang into literary being. The stream grows wider, deeper, and really attains the dignity of a river as it flows sedately through the wide-sweeping valley fringed by the high ridge of Froggatt Edge.

There is no prettier part of the Derwent's course than this in the whole of its fifty miles' wandering, from its source on the Yorkshire border to the county town. Whether viewed from the timeworn bridge at Grindleford, or the doorway of the Chequers' Inn, it is a delightful picture of fertile country, that seems in the sunshine to be clasped by a broad belt of silver—a picture of grey-stone homesteads and orchards and far-stretching pastures, sloped and bordered by rich woods, and fringed by great rocks and "a wilderness of heath."

The vale of the Derwent has a charm beyond its own beauty. It is the threshold, as it were, to much that is curious, and not a little that is historic. Castleton, with its strange caves and subterranean streams, is not far away; and Stoney Middleton, with its dark gritstone cottages clinging to the crags, and its legend of "The Lover's Leap," lies round the bend from Stoke Hall. While a little further away is Eyam, one of the quaintest villages of the Peak, with its memories of the piteous Plague, and its stories of heroism at that grievous time.

Along a quiet country road—almost a lane—getting glimpses now and then of the coy river, you have reached the village of Baslow, a well-known holiday haunt with the workers of Lancashire and Yorkshire. Go over the bridge, by the homely cottages, and on the narrow path into Chatsworth Park. The Derwent there is not difficult to wade, nor is fishing a mere tradition. But it is impossible to concentrate your thoughts entirely on the river, there is so much to see on its banks—the great house, rich in sculpture, painting, and literature, shining white and golden in the sunlight; the moat-rimmed, ivy-wreathed bower close by, associated with the captivity of the Scottish Queen; the arcadian village of Edensor, with its cosy houses and pretty gardens, and simple grave in the churchyard, around which gathered six years ago much that was distinguished in English political and social life, after the tragedy in Phoenix Park. Notwithstanding this sad memory you think the Cavendish domain a paradise, especially as you stroll through the gardens, along broad terrace, or narrow, shadowed path, by fountain and cascade, by tropical vegetation and familiar flowers, and the famous tree that, like a modern hypocrite, can turn on its tears at will. But, after all, Chatsworth is seen at its best from the wooded ridge that gives foothold to the hunting-tower and leads you by moss-grown steps and winding ways to forest depths. The picturesque stateliness of the scene from the ridge prompts the thought that the old Duke (famous for his dignified bearing and grandeur at the St. Petersburg Court) must have stamped the place with "the Devonshire manner."

ALONG THE WYE.

The Derwent flows by many a noted haunt after leaving Chatsworth. Through Darley Dale, within a stone's-throw of the ancient yew-tree; at the base of High Tor, at Matlock; near Lea Hurst—Florence Nightingale's old house; and by Belper, the nail-makers' workshop and factory of hosiery, to Derby, the thriving county town; but at Rowsley we must break away from the river, and saunter by another Derbyshire stream—the Wye. It is a winsome rivulet. It frolics through the Haddon pastures, joyously embracing the brook that comes tumbling down Latkill Dale, and has a fine story to tell the foam-flecked waters from the upland, of

how, with strange caprice, it has been coquetting with the willows and rushes, and endeavouring to tie itself into a knot ever since it glided beneath the bridge at Bakewell, and danced over the weirs in its path. It is a smiling, pleasant, sylvan vale through which the Wye flows from the pleasant market-town, past Haddon Hall, until lost in the Derwent at Rowsley.

There are many worshippers of Haddon, the grey hall by the riverside in which the King of the Peak revelled with his friends and kicked his retainers. It is a real relic of the past, with its banquetting-hall and minstrels' gallery; and wainscotted ball-room, in which many a proud dame has tripped with courtly grace. But if you have the poetic temperament, the time to see Haddon is at night, when you have grassed your last grayling below the little bridge at the evening rise, and are free to watch the mists in their autumn manoeuvres—how silently and adroitly they mass under their phantom leader, and sweep majestically over the country side in fantastic formation! Suddenly the mist squadrons are routed by the breeze, and the valley is bathed in a silvery light that etherealises the old hall. Then you can almost imagine you hear the sound of the harp and the rustle of brocade as the fair ladies dance, and the whisper amid the yews on the terrace—and that the hurrying figures yonder on the white road are the forms of John Manners and Dorothy Vernon, the runaway lovers.

At Haddon you get the romance of history; in Miller's Dale the romance of Nature! The Wye—born in the darkness of Poole's Hole, and curbed at Buxton to make tiny lakes in the gardens—hums tunelessly about its own liberty as it leaps and eddies through Miller's Dals. Its waters break, pure white, against stubborn rock; or gently flow, like molten silver, over smooth boulder; or tumble foam-tipped on stony bed, making joyous cadence in their riot; or swirl beyond the current into some tiny inlet to lap the drooping flowers. The stream goes through a wild glen. Limestone crags hem in "the murmuring waters" and the rough path by the Wye. The great, high, grotesquely-shaped crags are always with you. Here, there is a rustic bridge; there, a grass-grown dell. In that cleft of the limestone the dark-green moss is sheltering. Yonder is a tangle of trailing foliage and bracken massed thickly. The trees cluster in nook and on slope, and the daring foliage creeps about the breast and brow of nearly every crag.

The sprite of autumn has touched the dale, mingling with the white and grey of the limestone the brilliant, but fleeting, glory of a myriad fading leaves. And in the midst of this russet and golden glow towers Chee Tor—lifts its head proudly above the rushing stream, and its mighty form is almost as bare as on the day, centuries ago, when the earth moved in volcanic unrest, and parted the crag from its mate, that stands disconsolately across the brook trying in vain to hide its ashen face with trailing verdure.

IN DOVE DALE.

Miller's Dale and its solitude are now far behind you. What a quiet hamlet is Hartington, at which you have slept through the stormy night, undisturbed by the wind and rain! The morning is radiant. Down yonder, in the tree-shadowed depths of Beresford Dale, Charles Cotton's fishing-house and the winding Dove are in a dazzle of sunlight. You will never—though sorrow, privation, and despair may fleck your life—forget this stroll by the river that Izaak Walton loved.

There are people who say that Dove Dale is gaunt and uninteresting. But you admire the bend of the stream, and the great, grim crags that stand half-clad, not a bit ashamed of their grotesque shape, just as if they were scorning their critics. The sunshine tries to oust the gloom from the greystone caves. The first look less sombre in its beams. The dale is bright with the fitful colour of autumn foliage. The butterfly lingers in the genial solitude. The swallow skims the water sadly, loth to depart, yet conscious that it is time for his southern flight. The grayling, gleaming with purple and silver, rises unsuspectingly, with his tapering snout pointed to the surface of the stream. There is harmony in the life and colour all around you. Even the sedges seem to be moving with rhythm to the sweet voice of the Dove.

At "The Straits," the narrowest part of the dale, there will soon be the roar and spray-leap of the winter's torrent; but the river, in the few pleasant sunlit days that yet remain to us, ripples through a scene of exceeding beauty. Watching the golden shafts of light play on crag and frothing water, and cleft in which lichen and fern are hiding, you think how lovely is this "Sweet pass of the Dove, 'mid rock, river, and dingle"; and are scarcely surprised that Rousseau declared he would rather live in a rabbit-warren here than in the finest room in town.



CHATSWORTH HOUSE, ON THE DERWENT.

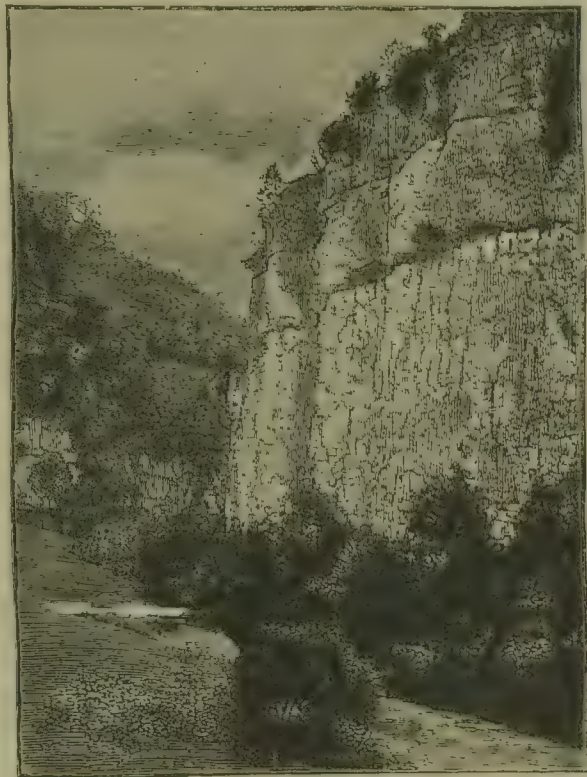
You are back in the city now, in the whirl of commerce, or striving for fame, or, maybe, struggling for bread; but neither toil nor care nor bitterest regret will ever blur the memory of your autumn saunter "By Derbyshire Streams." J. P.

Intelligence received from Alaska reports that thirteen whalers are icebound to the north of Behring's Straits, and the position of the ships, which have crews of over five hundred persons, is considered hopeless.

Mr. W. H. Smith has issued a circular to the supporters of the Government announcing the reassembling of Parliament on Nov. 6, and earnestly requesting their attendance on that date and during the remainder of the Session.

ART NOTES.

It is to the lasting honour of University College, London, that it was the first teaching body which opened its portals to women anxious to take their place as bread-winners. The example given by the Senate in Gower-street has been followed in all other seats of learning, and it is now within the reach of women to finish their education where and how they think fit. A harder trial of their faith in woman's rights to reap the fruits of her labour now awaits the decision of the same body. The Chair of Archaeology is now vacant by the resignation of Sir Charles Newton, and amongst the candidates one of



CHEE TOR, MILLER'S DALE, ON THE WYE.

the most prominent is Miss J. E. Harrison, whose qualifications are generally recognised. Such as doubt her powers as a lecturer can judge for themselves at this moment from the course of lectures she is now giving on the "Monuments of Ancient Athens" at the South Kensington Museum. The only other competitor of repute whose name is mentioned in connection with the vacant chair is that of Mr. Stuart Poole. It is difficult, however, to believe that the Trustees of the British Museum, who practically obliged Mr. Sidney Colvin to give up his Slade Professorship, will allow Mr. Poole to hold the chair of Archaeology in connection with his present post of Keeper of the Coins at the British Museum. It is unlikely, moreover, that they would be willing to be the first to fly in the face of the Royal Commission presided over by Sir M. White Ridley, which has just reported so strongly against Civil servants holding offices outside the service.

Some of the smaller exhibitions which at this season open to the public deserve a few words of passing notice; but they will be altogether out of proportion to the interest which some of these collections may afford. At the Fine Arts Society (148, New Bond-street) are to be seen 120 water-colours by various artists, whose works are usually to be seen only at the Old Society or at the Institute. The story goes that the Committees of those bodies expressly forbade under severe penalties any of their respective supporters to contribute to this show; but the warning has been unheeded, to judge from the interesting specimens of works sent by Messrs. Alfred Hunt, Albert Goodwin, W. L. Wyllie, Herbert Marshall, and Charles Gregory; by Mesdames Allingham and Cecil Lawson, and by Misses Kate Sadler and Anna Alma-Tadema, but the flowers in water-colours, by these latter, are somewhat unduly tried by their *rapprochement* with "M. Fantin Latour's" oils.

Messrs. Dowdeswells (160, New Bond-street) have a pleasant little collection of water-colour drawings illustrative of "Our Country and our Countryfolk," by Mr. Arthur Hopkins and Mr. C. Robertson. From South Devon to the east coast of Yorkshire the two artists have journeyed, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque; and it cannot be said that the journeyings have been fruitless. We are occasionally reminded of Walker and Mason by the one, and of Mrs. Allingham by the other; but there are many connoisseurs who will think that there is no harm in perpetuating, at the loss of originality, two such excellent schools of English art.

Messrs. Boussod, Valadon (Goupil Gallery, 116, New Bond-street) have a small but very choice collection of the French *paysagistes* of the best period. Troyon, Théod. Rousseau, the elder Daubigny, Corot, and Courbet show to what elevation of poetry landscape-painting can rise. Do such works serve no other purpose than the raising of a standard which is flouted and sneered at by the next generation? Such is a fair question to ask as we turn from this collection to the Continental Gallery (145, New Bond-street), where may be seen a certain number, not perhaps the best, but fairly typical works of the modern French school of realism. Unquestionably there is

force, almost amounting to brutality, in such works as Réalier-Dumas' "Bonaparte," as a young man picking up the besmirched mantle of Royalty; in Govsky's treatment of the gruesome story of Kostomarov; in Cousin's "Breton Procession"; or Friant's "Scullers of the Meurthe." The qualities which distinguish these painters have as little in common with their own countrymen of the last generation as they have with English art of the present time, and honestly we cannot wish to see their method adopted by our countrymen.

"Professor" Higgins, an Englishman, successfully imitated Mr. Baldwin's aeronautical feat on Oct. 27 by descending from a balloon by means of a parachute.

FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM.*

BY WALTER BESANT,

AUTHOR OF "DOROTHY FORSTER," "CHILDREN OF GIBSON,"
"THE REVOLT OF MAN," "KATHARINE REGINA," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ON BOARD THE JOLLY THATCHER.



awake all night thinking of this plan. The more I thought upon it the more I was pleased with it. To fly from the country was to escape the pursuit of my husband, who would never give over looking for me because he was so obstinate and masterful. I should also escape the reproaches of my lover, Robin, and break myself altogether from a passion which was now (through my own rashness) become sinful. I might also break myself from the loathing and hatred which I now felt towards my wicked husband, and might even, in time and after much prayer, arrive at forgiving him. At that time—yea, and for long afterwards—I did often surprise myself in such a fit of passion as, I verily believe, would have made me a murderess had opportunity or the Evil One sent that man my way.

Yea, not once or twice, but many times have I thus become a murderess in thought and wish and intention—I confess this sin with shame, though I have long since repented of it. To have been so near unto it—nay, to have already committed it in my imagination, covers me with shame. And now when I sometimes (my Lord, the master of my affections doth allow it) visit the Prison of Ilchester and find therein some poor wretch who hath yielded to temptation and sudden wrath (which is the possession by the Devil) and so hath committed what I only imagined, my heart goes forth to that poor creature, and I cannot rest until I have prayed with her and softened her heart, and left her to go contrite to the shameful tree. Nay, since, as you shall hear, I have been made to pass part of my life among the most wicked and profligate of my sex; I am filled with the thought that the best of us are not much better than the worst, and that the worst of us are in some things as good as the best; so that there is no room for pride and self-sufficiency, but much for humiliation and distrust of one's own heart.

Well, if I would consent to fly from the country; across the seas, I should find kith and kin who would shelter me. There should I learn to think about other things—poor wretch! as if I could ever forget the village—and Robin! Oh! that I should have to try—even to try—to forget Robin! I was to learn that though the skies be changed the heart remains the same.

How I fled—and whither—you shall now hear.

Mr. George Penne came to see me next morning, sleek and smiling and courteous.

"Madam," he said, "may I know your decision, if you have yet arrived at one?"

"Sir, it is already made. I have slept upon it; I have prayed upon it: I will go."

"That is well. It is also most opportune, because a ship sails this very day. It is most opportune, I say—even Providential. She will drop down the Channel with the coming tide. You will want a few things for the voyage."

"It will be winter when we arrive, and the winters in that country are cold: I must buy some thicker clothing. Will there be any gentlewoman on board?"

"Surely"—he smiled—"surely. There will be, I am told, more than one gentlewoman on board that ship. There will be, in fact, a large and a cheerful company. Of that you may be assured. Well, since that is settled, a great load of care is removed, because I have heard that your husband rode into Taunton with Judge Jeffreys; that he learned from someone—I know not from whom—of your presence in the town, and of your departure with me."

"It must have been the market-woman."

"Doubtless, the market-woman"—I have often asked myself whether this was a falsehood or not—"and he is even now speeding towards Bristol hoping to find you. Pray Heaven that he hath not learned with whom you fled!"

"Oh!" I cried. "Let us go on board the ship at once! Let us hasten!"

"Nay; there is no hurry for a few hours. But stay within-doors. Everything that is wanting for the voyage shall be put on board for you. As for your meals, you will eat with"—here he paused for a moment—"with the rest of the company under the care of the Captain. For your berth, it will be as comfortable as can be provided. Next, as to the money. You have, I understand, two hundred pounds and more?"

I took the bag from my waist and rolled out the contents. There were in all two hundred and forty-five pounds and a few shillings. The rest had been expended at Ilminster.

He counted it carefully, and then replaced the money in the bag.

"The Eykins of Boston, in New England," he said, "are people of great credit and substance. There will be no necessity for you to take with you this money should you wish it to be expended to the advantage of your brother and your friends."

"Take it all, kind Sir. Take it all, if so it will help them in their need."

"Nay, that will not do, either," he replied, smiling, his hand still upon the bag. "For, first, the Captain of your ship must be paid for his passage; next, you must not go among strangers (though your own kith and kin) with no money at all in purse. Therefore, I will set aside (by your good leave) fifty pounds for your private purse. So: fifty pounds. A letter to my correspondent at Boston, which I will write, will cause him to pay you this money on your landing. This is a safer method than to carry the money in a bag or purse, which may be stolen. But if the letter be lost, another can be written. We merchants, indeed, commonly send three such letters of advice in case of shipwreck and loss of the bags. This done, and the expenses of the voyage provided, there remains a large sum, which, judiciously spent, will, I think, insure for your friends from the outset the treatment reserved for prisoners of distinction who can afford to pay—namely, on their arrival they will be bought (as it is termed) by worthy merchants, who (having been previously paid by me) will suffer them to live where they please, without exacting of them the

least service or work. Their relatives at home will forward them the means of subsistence, and so their exile will be softened for them. If you consent thereto, Madam, I will engage that they shall be so received, with the help of this money."

If I consented, indeed! With what joy did I give my consent to such laying out of my poor Barnaby's money! Everything now seemed turning to the best, thanks to my new and benevolent friend.

At his desire, therefore, I wrote a letter to Barnaby recommending him to trust himself, and to advise Robin and Humphrey to trust themselves, entirely to the good offices of this excellent man. I informed him that I was about to cross the seas to our cousins in New England, in order to escape the clutches of the villain who had betrayed me. And then I told him how his money had been bestowed, and bade him seek me when he should be released from the Plantations (wherever they might send him) at the town of Boston among his cousins. The letter Mr. Penne faithfully promised to deliver. (Nota bene.—The letter was never given to Barnaby.)

At the same time he wrote a letter for me to give to his correspondent at Boston, telling me that on reading that letter his friend would instantly pay me the sum of fifty pounds.

Thus was the business concluded, and I could not find words, I told him, to express the gratitude which I felt for so much goodness towards one who was a stranger to him. I begged him to suffer me to repay at least the charges to which he had been put at the inns and the stabling since he took me into his own care and protection. But he would take nothing. "Money," he said, "as payment for such services as he had been enabled to render would be abhorrent to his nature. Should good deeds be bought? Was it seemly that a merchant of credit should sell an act of common Christian charity?"

"What!" he asked, "are we to see a poor creature in danger of being imprisoned if she is recognised—and of being carried off against her will by a husband whom she loathes, if he finds her—are we to see such a woman and not be instantly fired by every generous emotion of compassion and indignation to help that woman at the mere cost of a few days' service and a few guineas spent?"

I was greatly moved—even to tears—at these words and at all this generosity, and I told him that I could not sufficiently thank him for all he had done, and that he should have my prayers always.

"I hope I may, Madam," he said, smiling strangely. "When the ship hath sailed you will remember, perhaps, the fate of Susan Blake, and, whatever may be your present discomfort on board a rolling ship, say to yourself that this is better than to die in a noisome prison. You will also understand that you have fallen into the hands of a respectable merchant, who is much more lenient than Judge Jeffreys, and will not consent to the wasting of good commercial stuff in jails and on gibbets."

"Nay, Sir," I said, "what doth all this mean?"

"Nothing, Madam; nothing. I was only anxious that you should say to yourself, 'Thus and thus have I been saved from a jail.' Such was Mr. Penne's humanity!"

"Understand it! Oh! dear Sir, I repeat that my words are not strong enough to express my gratitude."

"Now, Madam, no doubt, your gratitude runs high. Whether to-morrow"—

"Can I ever forget? To-morrow? To-morrow? Surely, Sir"—

"Well, Madam, we will wait until to-morrow. Meantime, lie snug and still all day and in the afternoon I will come for you. Two hundred and forty-five pounds—'tis not a great sum, but a good day's work—a good day's work, added to the satisfaction of helping a most unfortunate young gentlewoman—most unfortunate."

What did the good man mean by still talking of the morrow?

At half-past twelve the good woman of the house brought me a plate of meat and some bread.

"So," she said—her face was red and I think she had been drinking—"he hath determined to put you on board with the rest, I hear."

"Hush! If you have heard, say nothing."

"He thinks he can buy my silence. Come, Madam; though, indeed, some would rather take their chance with Judge Jeffreys—they say he is a man who can be moved by the face of a woman—than with—well, as for my silence, there— It is usual, Madam, to compliment the landlady, and though, I confess, you are not of the kind which do commonly frequent this house yet one may expect"—

"Alas! my good woman, I have nothing. Mr. Penne has taken all my money."

"What! you had money? And you gave it to Mr. Penne? You gave it to him? Nay, indeed—why, in the place where thou art going?"

She was silent, for suddenly we heard Mr. Penne's step outside; and he opened the door.

"Come," he said roughly; "the Captain says that he will weigh anchor in an hour: the tide serves—come."

I hastened to put on my hat and mantle.

"Farewell," I said, taking the old woman's hand. "I have nothing to give thee but my prayers. Mr. Penne, who is all goodness, will reward thee for thy kindness to me."

"He, all goodness?" asked the old woman. "He? Why, if there is upon the face of the whole earth"—

"Come, Child!" Mr. Penne seized my hand and dragged me away.

"The woman," he said, "hath been drinking. It is a bad habit she hath contracted of late. I must see into it, and speak seriously to her: but a good nature at heart. Come, we must hasten. You will be under the special care of the Captain. I have provided a box full of warm clothing and other comforts. I think there is nothing omitted that may be of use. Come."

He hurried me along the narrow streets until we came to a quay, where there were a great number of ships such as I had never before seen. On one of them the sailors were running about clearing away things, coiling ropes, tossing sacks and casks aboard, with such a "Yo-hoing!" and noise as I never in my life heard before.

"'Tis our ship," said Mr. Penne. Then he led me along a narrow bridge, formed by a single plank, to the deck of the ship. There stood a gentleman of a very fierce and resolute aspect, armed with a sword, hanging from a scarlet sash, and a pair of pistols in his belt. "Captain," said Mr. Penne, "are all aboard?"

"Aye; we have all our cargo. And a pretty crew they are! Is this the last of them? Send her forward."

"Madam," said Mr. Penne, "suffer me to lead you to a place where, until the ship sails and the officers have time to take you to your cabin, you can rest and be out of the way. It is a rough assemblage, but at sailing one has no choice."

Gathered in the forepart of what they call the waist there was a company of about a hundred people. Some were young, some old; some were men, some women; some seemed mere children. All alike showed in their faces the extreme of misery, apprehension, and dismay.

"Who are these?" I asked.

"They will tell you themselves presently. Madam, farewell." With that Mr. Penne left me standing among this crowd of wretches, and, without waiting for my last words of gratitude, hurried away immediately.

I saw him running across the plank to the quay. Then the boatswain blew a shrill whistle; the plank was shoved over; some ropes were cast loose, and the ship began slowly to move down the river with the tide, now beginning to run out, and a wind from the north-east.

I looked about me. What were all these people? Why were they going to New England? Then, as the deck was now clearer and the sailors, I suppose, at their stations, I ventured to walk towards the afterpart of the ship with the intention to ask the Captain for my cabin. As I did so, a man stood before me armed with a great cane, which he brandished, threatening, with a horrid oath, to lay it across my back if I ventured any further aft.

"Prisoners, forward!" he cried. "Back you go, or—by the Lord!"

"Prisoner?" I said. "I am no prisoner. I am a passenger."

"Passenger? Why, as for that, you are all passengers."

"All? Who are these, then?"

He informed me with plainness of speech who and what they were—convicts taken from the prisons, branded in the hand and sentenced to transportation.

"But I am a passenger," I repeated. "Mr. Penne hath paid for my passage to New England. He hath paid the Captain."

"The ship is bound for Barbadoes, not New England. 'Tis my duty not to stir from this spot; but here's the Mate—tell him."

This was a young man, armed, like the Captain, with pistols and sword.

"Sir," I said, "I am a passenger brought on board by Mr. Penne, by whom my passage hath been paid to New England."

"By Mr. George Penne, you say?"

"The same. He hath engaged a cabin for me, and hath purchased clothes—and"—

"Is it possible," said the Mate, "that you do not know where you are, and whither you are going?"

"I am going, under the special care of the Captain, to the city of Boston, in New England, to my cousin, Mr. Eykin, a gentleman of credit and substance of that town."

He gazed at me with wonder.

"I will speak to the Captain," he said, and left me standing there.

Presently he returned. "Come with me," he said.

"You are Alice Eykin?" said the Captain, who had with him a paper from which he read.

"That is my name."

"On a certain day in July, your father being a preacher in the army of the Duke of Monmouth, you walked with a procession of girls bearing flags which you presented to that rebel?"

"It is true, Sir."

"You have been given by the King to some great Lord or other, I know not whom, and by him sold to the man Penne, who hath put you on board this ship, the Jolly Thatcher, Port of London, to be conveyed, with a hundred prisoners, all rogues and thieves, to the Island of Barbadoes, where you will presently be sold as a servant for ten years; after which period, if you choose, you will be at liberty to return to England."

Then, indeed, the Captain before me seemed to reel about, and I fell fainting at his feet.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

This was indeed the truth: I had parted with my money on the word of a villain; I put myself into his power by telling him the whole of my sad story; and, on the promise of sending me by ship to my cousins in New England, he had entered my name as a rebel sold to himself (afterwards I learned that he made it appear as if I was one of the hundred given to Mr. Jerome Nipho, all of whom he afterwards bought and sent to the Plantations), and he had then shipped me on board a vessel on the point of sailing with as vile a company of rogues, vagabonds, thieves, and drabs as were ever raked together out of the streets and the prisons.

When I came to my senses the Captain gave me a glass of cordial, and made me sit down on a gun-carriage while he asked me many questions. I answered them all truthfully, concealing only the reason of my flight and of my visit to Taunton, where, I told him truly, I hoped to see my unhappy friend Miss Susan Blake, of whose imprisonment and death I knew nothing.

"Madam," said the Captain, stroking his chin, "your case is indeed a hard one. Yet your name is entered on my list and I must deliver your body at St. Michael's Port, Barbadoes, or account for its absence. This must I do: I have no other choice. As for your being sold to Mr. George Penne by Mr. Jerome Nipho, this may very well be without your knowing even that you had been given to that gentleman by the King. They say that the Maids of Taunton have all been given away, mostly to the Queen's Maids of Honour, and must either be redeemed at a great price or be sold as you have done. On the other hand, there may be villainy, and in this case it might be dangerous for you to move in the matter lest you be apprehended and sent to jail as a rebel, and so a worse fate happen unto you."

He then went on to tell me that this pretended merchant, this Mr. George Penne, was the most notorious kidnapper in the whole of Bristol; that he was always raking the prisons of rogues and sending them abroad for sale on the Plantations; that at this time he was looking to make a great profit, because there were so many prisoners that all could not be hanged, but most must be either flogged and sent about their business, or else sold to him and his like for servitude. "As for any money paid for your passage," he went on, "I assure you, Madam, upon my honour, that nothing at all has been paid by him; nor has he provided you with any change of clothes or provisions of any kind for the voyage; nor hath he asked or bargained for any better treatment of you on board than is given to the rogues below; and that, Madam," he added, "is food of the coarsest, and planks, for sleep, of the hardest. The letter which you have shown me is a mere trick. I do not think there is any such person in Boston. It is true, however, that there is a family of your name in Boston, and that they are substantial merchants. I make no doubt that as he hath treated you, so he will treat your friends; and that all the money which he has taken from you will remain in his own pocket."

"Then," I cried, "what am I to do? Where look for help?"

"'Tis the damndest villain!" cried the Captain, swearing after the profane way of sailors. "When next I put in at the Port of Bristol, if the Monmouth scare be over, I will take care that all the world shall know what he hath done. But, indeed, he will not care. The respectable merchants have nothing to say with him—he is now an open Catholic, who



DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

When I came to my senses, the Captain gave me a glass of cordial and made me sit down on a gun-carriage.

"FOR FAITH AND FREEDOM."—BY WALTER BESANT.

was formerly concealed in that religion. Therefore, he thinks his fortune is at the flood. But what is to be done, Madam?"

"Indeed, Sir, I know not."

He considered a while. His face was rough and coloured like a ripe plum with the wind and the sun; but he looked honest and he did not, like Mr. Penne, pretend to shed tears over my misfortunes.

"Those who join rebellions," he said, but not unkindly, "generally find themselves out in their reckoning in the end. What the deuce have gentlewomen to do with the pulling down of Kings! I warrant, now, you thought you were doing a grand thing, and so you must needs go walking with those pretty fools the Maids of Taunton! Well; 'tis past praying for. George Penne is such a villain that keel-hauling is too good for him. Flogged through the fleet at Spithead he should be. Madam, I am not one who favours rebels; yet you cannot sleep and mess with the scum down yonder. 'Twould be worse than inhuman—their talk and their manners would kill you. There is a cabin aft which you can have. The furniture is mean, but it will be your own while you are aboard. You shall mess at my table if you will so honour me. You shall have the liberty of the quarter-deck. I will also find for you, if I can, among the women aboard, one somewhat less villainous than the rest, who shall be your grumeta, as the Spaniards say—your servant, that is—to keep your cabin clean and do your bidding. When we make Barbadoes there is no help for it, but you must go ashore with the rest and take your chance."

This was truly generous of the Captain, and I thanked him with all my heart. He proved as good as his word, for though he was a hard man, who duly maintained discipline, flogging his prisoners with rigour, he treated me during the whole voyage with kindness and pity, never forgetting daily to curse the name of George Penne and drink to his confusion.

The voyage lasted six weeks. At first we had rough weather with heavy seas and rolling waves. Happily, I was not made sick by the motion of the ship, and could always stand upon the deck and look at the waves (a spectacle, to my mind, the grandest in the whole world). But, I fear, there was much suffering among the poor wretches—my fellow prisoners. They were huddled and crowded together below the deck; they were all seasick; there was no doctor to relieve their sufferings, nor were there any medicines for those who were ill. Fever presently broke out among them, so that we buried nine in the first fortnight of our voyage. After this, the weather growing warm and the sea moderating, the sick mended rapidly, and soon all were well again.

I used to stand upon the quarter-deck and look at them gathered in the waist below. Never had I seen such a company. They came, I heard, principally from London, which is the rendezvous or head-quarters of all the rogues in the country. They were all in rags—had anyone among them possessed a decent coat it would have been snatched from his back the very first day; they were dirty from the beginning; many of them had cuts and wounds on their heads gotten in their fights and quarrels, and these were bound about with old clouts; their faces were not fresh-coloured and rosy, like the faces of our honest country lads, but pale and sometimes covered with red blotches, caused by their evil lives and their hard drinking; on their foreheads was clearly set the seal of Satan. Never did I behold wickedness so manifestly stamped upon the human countenance. They were like monkeys for their knavish and thievish tricks. They stole everything that they could lay hands upon: pieces of rope, the sailors' knives when they could get them, even the marlinspikes if they were left about. When they were caught and flogged they would make the ship terrible with their shrieks, being cowards as prodigious as they were thieves. They lay about all day ragged and dirty on deck, in the place assigned to them, stupidly sleeping or else silent and dumpy, except for some of the young fellows who gambled with cards—I know not for what stakes—and quarrelled over the game and fought. It was an amusement among the sailors to make these lads fight on the fore-castle, promising a pannikin of rum to the victor. For this miserable prize they would fight with the greatest fury and desperation, even biting one another in their rage, while the sailors clapped their hands and encouraged them. Pity it is that the common sort do still delight themselves with sport so brutal. On shore these fellows would be rejoicing in cock-fights and bull-baitings: on board they baited the prisoners.

There were among the prisoners twenty or thirty women, the sweepings of the Bristol streets. They, too, would fight as readily as the men, until the Captain forbade it under penalty of a flogging. These women were to the full as wicked as the men; nay, their language was worse, inasmuch that the very sailors would stand aghast to hear the blasphemies they uttered and would even remonstrate with them, saying, "Nan," or "Poll"—they were all Polls and Nans—" 'tis enough to cause the ship to be struck with lightning! Give over, now! Wilt sink the ship's company with your foul tongue?" But the promise of a flogging kept them from fighting. Men, I think, will brave anything for a moment's gratification; but not even the most hardened woman will willingly risk the pain of the whip.

The Captain told me that of these convicts, of whom every year whole shiploads are taken to Virginia, to Jamaica, and to Barbadoes, not one in a hundred ever returns. "For," he said, "the work exacted from them is so severe, with so much exposure to a burning sun, and the fare is so hard, that they fall into fevers and calentures. And, besides the dangers from the heat and the bad food, there is a drink called rum, or arrack, which is distilled from the juice of the sugar-cane, and another drink called 'mobbie,' distilled from potatoes, which inflames their blood and causes many to die before their time. Moreover, the laws are harsh, and there is too much flogging and branding and hanging. So that some fall into despair and, in that condition of mind, die under the first illness which seizes on them."

"Captain," I said, "you forget that I am also to become one of these poor wretches."

The Captain swore lustily that, on his return, he would seek out the villain Penne and break his neck for him. Then he assured me that the difference between myself and the common herd would be immediately recognised; that a rebel is not a thief, and must not be so treated; and that I had nothing to fear—nay, that he himself would say what he could in my favour. But he entreated me with the utmost vehemence to send home an account of where I was, and what I was enduring, to such of my friends as might have either money to relieve me from servitude or interest to procure a pardon. Alas! I had no friends. Mr. Boscorel, I knew full well, would move heaven and earth to help me. But he could not do that without his son finding out where I was, and this thought so moved me that I implored the Captain to tell no one who I was, or what was my history; and, for greater persuasion, I revealed to him those parts of my history which I had hitherto concealed, namely my marriage and the reason of that rash step and my flight.

"Madam," he said, "I would that I had the power of revenging these foul wrongs. For them, I swear, I would kidnap both Mr. George Penne and Mr. Benjamin Boscorel; and, look you, I would make them mess with the scum and

the sweepings whom we carry for'ard; and I would sell them to the most inhuman of the planters, by whom they would be daily beaten and cuffed and flogged; or, better still, would cause them to be sold at Havana to the Spaniards, where they would be employed, as are the English prisoners commonly by that cruel people, namely, in fetching water under negro overseers. I leave you to imagine how long they would live, and what terrible treatment they would receive."

So it was certain that I was going to a place where I must look for very little mercy, unless I could buy it; and where the white servant was regarded as worth so many years of work; not so much as a negro, because he doth sooner sink under the hardships of his lot, while the negro continues frolic and lusty, and marries and has children, even though he has to toil all day in the sun, and is flogged continually to make him work with the greater heart.

Among the women on board was a young woman, not more than eighteen or thereabout, who was called Deb. She had no other name. Her birthplace she knew not; but she had run about the country with some tinkers, whose language she said is called "Shelta" by those people. This she could still talk. They sold her in Bristol; after which her history is one which, I learn, is common in towns. When the Captain bade her come to the cabin, and ordered her to obey me in whatsoever I commanded, she looked stupidly at him, shrinking from him if he moved, as if she was accustomed (which was, indeed, the case) to be beaten at every word. I made her first clean herself and wash her clothes. This done, she slept in my cabin; and, as the Captain promised, became my servant. At first she was not only afraid of ill-treatment, but she would wilfully lie; she purloined things and hid them: she told me so many tales of her past life, all of them different, that I could believe none. Yet when she presently found out that I was not going to beat her, and that the Captain did never offer to cuff or kick her (which the poor wretch expected) she left off telling falsehoods and became as handy, obliging, and useful a creature as one could desire. She was a great, strapping girl, black-eyed and with black hair, as strong as any man, and a good-looking creature as well, to those who like great women.

This Deb, when, I say, she ceased to be afraid of me, began to tell me her true history, which was, I suppose, only remarkable because she seemed not to know that it was shameful and wicked. She lived, as the people among whom she had been brought up lived, without the least sense or knowledge of God; indeed, no heathen savage could be more without religion than the tinkers and gipsies on the road. They have no knowledge at all: they are born; they live; they die; they are buried in a hedge-side, and are forgotten. It was surprising to me to find that any woman could grow up in a Christian country so ignorant and so uncared for. In the end, as you shall hear, she showed every mark of penitence and fell into a godly and pious life.

My Captain continued in the same kindness towards me throughout the voyage—suffering me to mess at his table, where the provisions were plain but wholesome, and encouraging me to talk to him, seeming to take pleasure in my simple conversation. In the mornings when, with a fair wind and full sail, the ship ploughed through the water, while the sun was hot overhead, he would make me a seat with a pillow in the shade, and would then entreat me to tell him about the rebellion and our flight to Black Down. Or he would encourage me in serious talk (though his own conversation with his sailors was over-much garnished with profane oaths), listening with grave face. And sometimes he would ask me questions about the village of Bradford Oras, my mother and her wheel, Sir Christopher and the Rector, showing a wonderful interest in everything that I told him. It was strange to see how this man, hard as he was with the prisoners (whom it was necessary to terrify, otherwise they might mutiny) could be so gentle towards me, a stranger, and a costly one too, because he was at the expense of maintaining me for the whole voyage, and the whole time being of good manners, never rude or rough, or offering the least freedom or familiarity—a thing which a woman in my defenceless position naturally fears. He could not have shown more respect unto a Queen. The Lord will surely reward him therefor.

One evening at sunset, when we had been at sea six weeks, he came to me as I was sitting on the quarter-deck and pointed to what seemed a cloud in the west. "'Tis the island of Barbadoes," he said. "To-morrow, if this wind keeps fair, we shall make the Port of St. Michael's, which some call the Bridge, and then, Madam, alas!"—he fetched a deep sigh—"I must put you ashore and part with the sweetest companion that ever sailed across the ocean."

He said no more, but left me as if he had other things to say but stifled them. Presently the sun went down and darkness fell upon the waters; the wind also fell and the sea was smooth, so that there was a great silence. "To-morrow," I thought, "we shall reach the port, and I shall be landed with these wretches and sent, perhaps, to toil in the fields." But yet my soul was upheld by the vision which had been granted to me upon the Black Down Hills, and I feared nothing. This I can say without boasting, because I had such weighty reasons for the faith that was in me.

The Captain presently came back to me.

"Madam," he said, "suffer me to open my mind to you."

"Sir," I told him, "there is nothing which I could refuse you, saving my honour."

"I must confess," he said, "I have been torn in twain for love of you, Madam, ever since you did me the honour to mess at my table. Nay, hear me out. And I have been minded a thousand times to assure you first that your marriage is no marriage, and that you have not indeed any husband at all; next, that since you can never go back to your old sweetheart, 'tis better to find another who would protect and cherish you; and thirdly, that I am ready—ay! and longing—now to become your husband and protector, and to love you with all my heart and soul."

"Sir," I said, "I thank you for telling me this, which indeed I did not suspect. But I am (alas! as you know) already married—even though my marriage be no true one—and can never forget the love which I still must bear to my old sweetheart. Wherefore, I may not listen to any talk of love."

"If," he replied, "you were a woman after the common pattern you would right gladly cast aside the chains of this marriage ceremony. But, Madam, you are a saint. Therefore, I refrained." He sighed. "I confess that I have been dragged as by chains to lay myself at your feet. Well; that must not be." He sighed again. "Yet I would save you, Madam, from the dangers of this place. The merchants and planters do, for the most part, though gentlemen of good birth, lead debauched and ungodly lives, and I fear that, though they may spare you the hardships of the field, they may offer you other and worse indignities."

I answered in the words of David: "The Lord hath delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear: He will deliver me out of the hand of the Philistines."

"Nay; but there is a way: you need not land at all. It is but a scratch of the pen, and I will enter your name among

those who died upon the voyage. There will be no more inquiry, any more than after the other names, and then I can carry you back with me to the Port of London, whither I am bound after taking in my cargo."

For a space I was sorely tempted. Then I reflected. It would be, I remembered, by consenting to the Captain's treachery towards his employers, nothing less, that I could escape this lot.

"No, Sir," I said, "I thank you from my heart for all your kindness and for your forbearance; but we may not consent together unto this sin. Again, I thank you, but I must suffer what is laid upon me."

He knelt at my feet and kissed my hands, saying nothing more, and presently I went to my cabin, and so ended my first voyage across the great Atlantic Ocean. In the morning, when I awoke, we were beating off Carlisle Bay, and I felt like unto one of those Christian martyrs, of whom I have read, whom they were about to lead forth and cast unto the lions.

(To be continued.)

THE LAND OF NOD.

There's a beautiful Land that the Children know,

Where it's Summer the whole year round;

Where chocolate-drops, and balls and tops,

Lie thick on the grassy ground;

Where the trees grow tarts and Banbury hearts,

And bull's-eyes pop from the pod,

And you never do wrong the whole day long—

They call it the Land of Nod!

When the clock strikes eight, and each curly pate

Lies low on the pillow white;

When the small mouse squeaks and the wainscot creaks,

And the shadows dance in the moonlight-streaks,

And the star-lamps jewel the Night;

When the soft lids close on the ripe cheek's rose,

And the tiny feet that trod

The nursery floor are heard no more—

Hurrah for the Land of Nod!

There they play in the puddles and steal from the stores.

They juggle with matches and knives;

And they poke *such* jokes at the grown-up folks,

Who daren't say "Don't" for their lives!

All the persons who teach are deprived of speech,

And whipped with a pickled rod,

And fed upon Dates, through dark dungeon-grates,

In the beautiful Land of Nod!

When the clock strikes eight, and each curly pate

Lies low in the darkened room;

When the small mouse squeaks and the wainscot creaks,

And the shadows dance in the moonlight-streaks,

And the cricket chirps through the gloom;

When the soft lids close on the ripe cheek's rose,

And the tiny feet that trod

The nursery floor are heard no more—

Hurrah for the Land of Nod!

All the dear old dollies are mended there

That were broken in days that have flown;

All the kittens that died in their early pride

To beautiful cats have grown;

All the pleasures upset by the wind and the wet

Smile out in the sunshine broad;

And the meaning of "*dose*" not a youngster knows,

In the wonderful Land of Nod!

When the clock strikes eight, and each curly pate

Lies low on the dainty bed;

When the small mouse squeaks and the wainscot creaks,

And the shadows dance in the moonlight-streaks,

And the dull fire's core glows red;

When the soft lids close on the ripe cheek's rose,

And the tiny feet that trod

The nursery floor are heard no more—

Hurrah for the Land of Nod!

And it's O! for the dreams of the old, old days

That have fled for ever and aye!

For I watch and weep, as the dull dawns creep

Up the cold grey cliffs of the sky.

Could mine eyelids close on that blest repose,

Would the hearts that lie under the sod

Rise to greet the glad sound of my feet and beat

On my heart—in the Land of Nod?

When the clock strikes eight, and each curly pate

Lies low in the curtain's shade;

When the small mouse squeaks and the wainscot creaks,

And the shadows dance in the moonlight-streaks,

And the hearth-sparks glimmer and fade;

When the soft lids close on the ripe cheek's rose,

And the tiny feet that trod

The nursery floor are heard no more—

Hurrah for the Land of Nod! CLO. GRAVES.

The students of the Royal Female School of Art, Queen-square, Bloomsbury, held a soirée on Oct. 29.

The Bishop of Carlisle on Oct. 23 reopened the parish church at Satterthwaite; which has been extensively restored, and a handsome oak reredos has been added by Mr. Ainslie, M.P. The church dates back to 1557.

Mrs. Charles Turner, of Liverpool, has given £20,000 towards the formation of a fund for pensioning Incumbents in the diocese of York who feel themselves incapacitated from further duty. The same lady had previously bestowed a like gift for the diocese of Liverpool.—Lord Grimthorpe has offered £3000 towards the promotion of a scheme for procuring a Bishop of Beverley as a Suffragan Bishop of York.

The outturn of the coffee crop in Coorg for the season 1888-89 is estimated at 5180 tons; the average annual exports for the last ten years having been 4500 tons. The Commissioner of Coorg writes:—"The total area of coffee plantations, European and native, is 80,339 acres, of which 59,124 acres are actually planted. Of this area 33,141 acres are held by Europeans, and forecast returns have been furnished for the bulk of these estates. The native holdings comprise 25,983, for the greater portion of which no returns are obtainable. The present forecast has been based, as far as practicable, on the returns furnished, and for the rest a rough estimate has been framed, giving a total of 5180 tons."

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK.

NOVEMBER 3, 1888.

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THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

A BICENTENARY RETROSPECT.

The expulsion of James II. was a necessity, both in the interests of Protestantism and in those of good government. He was an embodiment of the most reactionary ideas of the Stuart dynasty. Before he came to the throne, his cruel treatment of the Scotch Covenanters, during his administration of the affairs of Scotland, showed what the people had to expect when the reins of government fell into his hands. Succeeding his brother in February, 1685, his reign was arbitrary from the beginning, and the Parliament he called was one of the most servile in English history. He suppressed with little difficulty Argyll's invasion of Scotland and Monmouth's invasion of England, but the insurgents were visited with most vindictive punishments. James then set himself systematically to work to achieve two ends—the overthrow of the Constitutional system of England, and the restoration of the Catholic religion. Strangely did he misread the temper of his people in these foolish undertakings. England had thrown off the yoke of Rome under the Tudors, and was never more to be in bondage to the Vatican; while the unfortunate history of his father should have taught James that Constitutional liberty had been permanently won for the British race by Pym, Hampden, Cromwell, and the other great patriots of the stirring period of the Civil War.

Gravely and profoundly interesting are those episodes in our history which the present memorable year recalls. They were swift and they were dramatic, four brief years being sufficient to bring to a conclusion James's inglorious career. He began his attempts to coerce the nation by requiring his pliable Parliament to repeal the Habeas Corpus Act and the Test Act. Now, these two great statutes were regarded as the bulwarks of the popular safety, and they were as much prized by the Tories as by all other subjects of the Crown, except the Roman Catholics. Parliament, therefore, though generally obedient, declined in this matter to bend to the King's will; neither did it regard with favour James's effort to establish a great standing army. Even the much more popular Charles II. had been unable to effect this. But the contest was very severe. Not only were new regiments levied, but the King gave commissions to Roman Catholic officers, which step was a distinct violation of the Test Act. The panic that seized upon the nation was reflected in the Council Board; and Lord President Halifax, who condemned his Sovereign's policy, was dismissed from his office. The Commons upon this ceased to be subservient to the Sovereign, and the disaffection spread to the House of Lords. The Government sustained two defeats, and in a fit of Royal anger the offending legislators were summoned to the bar, and dismissed to their homes, Nov. 20, 1685.

In everything, James was badly advised; for it was not difficult to find counsellors who readily encouraged his headstrong policy. England prided herself upon her independence in foreign affairs; but James was the paid servant of Louis XIV. of France, and was most superstitiously devoted to the Pope. His first favourite was Father Edward Petre, who found it an easy task in religious questions to keep the Monarch in leading-strings. Then, in home affairs, his principal advisers were the avaricious pervert, Sunderland, whose new-found Papist zeal enabled him to step into the chair of Halifax; and Lord Castlemaine, the husband of an infamous woman; and the Earl of Tyrconnell, whose chief characteristic was a want of veracity. After proroguing Parliament from time to time, James ultimately dissolved it, being determined to govern without Constitutional means. He first endeavoured to use the Established Church against the Dissenters; but, discovering that the Episcopalians would not give him their aid, he sought to gain the Dissenters. A systematic régime of illegality began by the setting in motion of two great engines of tyranny. The first of these was the exercise of the dispensing power on the part of the King, by which Roman Catholics were placed in office in defiance of the law; and the second was the ecclesiastical supremacy, which took a new shape in the constitution of a High Commission Court, consisting of six persons, presided over by the notorious Lord Chancellor Jeffreys. So great was the hold which Romanism had obtained over James that he dismissed the two brothers of his first wife—Lawrence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, who had become Lord High Treasurer, and Henry Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Lawrence Hyde was one of the principal founders of the High Church Tory party, and he declined to give up his Protestantism to maintain his high office.

James's most sensational act at this juncture was the issue of his First Declaration of Indulgence dated April 4, 1687. Without authority of Parliament, he abolished by his own hand all those penal laws and tests which had long pressed heavily upon the Dissenters. When he ordained that no religious test should in future debar any man from the civil or the military service, and likewise forbade the disturbance of religious meetings, the act at first sight seemed one of a tolerant liberality; yet it was not that James liked the Dissenters, but that he loved the Papists more. The gift of religious freedom, in fact, divided the Dissenters into two camps. On the one side were men like Bunyan, Baxter, and Howe, who distrusted the King and his policy; while on the other were men like the distinguished Quaker William Penn, who highly lauded the Indulgence. Penn had immense influence over James; saw him as often as he wished; and held (says Ranke) the most confidential conversations with him for hours together at Whitehall, and also at Windsor, where he took a house in the neighbourhood of the castle. On July 2 the King dissolved Parliament, stating to the Papal Nuncio as his reason for this measure that it would not otherwise be possible to frustrate the intrigues of the Prince of Orange, and to rend asunder the bond which had been formed between him and the members of the Church of England. Next day there was a gorgeous procession at Windsor, in which the Nuncio, as the representative of the Papal power to which James had bowed the neck of England, was the most imposing figure.

The Universities were next assailed, the King, through his High Commissioners, trampling upon their privileges. The Cambridge Senate received the Royal command in February, 1687, to confer the degree of Master of Arts on Alban Francis, a Benedictine monk. The Senate replied that they would gladly do so if he would take the oaths; but this he declined to do. Vice-Chancellor Pechell and eight members of the Senate (including the celebrated Isaac Newton) were summoned to Westminster to answer for their contumacy, and, after being soundly rated by Jeffreys, the Vice-Chancellor was suspended from office. Still more violent was the action taken at Oxford. The Presidency of Magdalen, one of the wealthiest and most famous of the colleges, having become vacant, James commanded the Fellows to elect one Farmer, a Roman Catholic and a profligate, who was disqualified both by the law of the land and the arrangements of the founder. The Fellows would have none of him, but elected John Hough instead. The King then commanded them to elect Parker, Bishop of Oxford; but all his efforts and those of William Penn to persuade them were fruitless. The old Fellows were consequently ejected, and Roman Catholic successors appointed

in their place. By this means the King had now secured three important colleges for the Catholics—viz., University, Christ Church, and Magdalen. Papal pressure also began to be felt elsewhere.

James, in order to show that he was not to be deterred from his purpose, next published his Second Declaration of Indulgence; but, as it fell very flat, he issued an order in Council, on May 4, 1688, directing the ministers of all churches and chapels in the kingdom to read it from their pulpits. On hearing the news, a number of Bishops proceeded to the capital, and at an assembly held at Lambeth Palace on May 18, a petition was drawn up setting forth that the Sovereign had no right to dispense with laws in matters of the Church. The King was furious when this petition was presented to him. The document afterwards got into general circulation, and James, acting mainly on the advice of Jeffreys, ordered the prelates to be arraigned for libel in the Court of King's Bench. The trial of the Seven Bishops caused the utmost excitement in London, and, indeed, throughout the country. A serious technical question arose as to the publication of the libel; but this was decided against the Bishops by the evidence of Lord Sunderland, who proved publication. On the weightier matter of the character of the petition, two of the Judges pronounced it a libel, and the remaining two declared it to be no libel. The case went to the jury, who were locked up all night. Next morning a verdict of "Not Guilty" was returned, and the popular enthusiasm knew no bounds. The news was quickly carried into the country, and James heard the shouts of triumph at Hounslow. As he was riding from the camp there, he heard a great noise behind him. "What is that?" he asked. "It is nothing," was the reply; "only the soldiers are glad that the Bishops are acquitted." "Do you call that nothing!" exclaimed the King. But his defeat only brought out the old Stuart obstinacy in him, and to the Spanish Ambassador, who counselled moderation, he said, "I will lose all or win all."

He was in a fair way to do the former, for he had now alienated all classes of his subjects. One of his last acts was to endeavour to supply the place of the English troops, whose temper proved unserviceable for his purposes, by draughts from the Catholic army which Tyrconnell had raised in Ireland. This was so mad a step that even the Roman Catholic Peers at the Council table protested against it, and the ballad of "Lillibullero," an attack on the Irish recruits and Tyrconnell's Government, was soon heard throughout the length and breadth of England. The disaffection was at its height when a son was born to the King. Popular rumour at



JUDGE JEFFERIES SEIZED IN A BEER CELLAR AT WAITING.

once pronounced this to be an imposture. Five years had passed since Mary of Modena was last announced to be pregnant, and many now asserted that the child ushered into the world as the Prince of Wales and heir to the throne was not the Royal offspring at all. In any case, the news completely overthrew the hopes of English Protestants, and correspondingly raised those of the Roman Catholics. The general expectation of a Protestant succession became null and void on the appearance of an heir to the throne who would, doubtless, be educated in the Catholic religion.

The crisis thus became acute, and the best friends of the Constitution, sinking for the time their political differences, banded themselves together to save the country. On June 30 a letter was dispatched to the Prince of Orange inviting him to come over. This historical document was signed by seven of the most influential men in England. First, there was Danby, one of the principal founders of the combination of the aristocracy and of Episcopalianism with the King's Government under Charles II., and one of the originators of the Tory party. Then there was the Earl of Devonshire, a leading Whig, who answered for the Nonconformists, who were satisfied with William's promise to secure them toleration. Compton, Bishop of London, who had a leading hand in drawing up the invitation, was the third signatory. Then there were Shrewsbury and Lumley, two recent converts from the Catholic faith, who now spoke in the name of the great body of zealous Protestants; and, finally, there were Edward Russell, cousin of Lord Russell, and Henry Sidney, brother of Algernon Sidney, whose antipathy to tyranny and love of patriotism were in all men's mouths. Many others were privy to the invitation, and certain individuals contributed £30,000 towards the preparations for the undertaking. The letter was carried to the Hague by Herbert, a popular British seaman, who had lost his command for refusing to vote against the test.

The invitation to William of Orange was from every point of view justifiable. English freedom and English Protestantism were imperilled, and as a struggle with James was inevitable, it was desirable to obtain the aid of the only Protestant Prince who had a right to the throne after its actual occupant. Moreover, James was in league with the natural enemies of England, and, if he had succeeded in subduing the people to his will, there would have been a close and slavish alliance with France, which would have been ignominious to England and menacing to the Protestant interests of Europe. James's defeat would mean also the freedom of the Continent from French supremacy. But it was necessary, now that the blow was to be struck, that the intervention should be vigorous and decisive; and the Prince of Orange was requested to land with an army strong enough to justify those who had called upon him to rise to arms. William had some powerful friends on the Continent. There was Marshal Schomberg, who had been a servant of France, but who now expressed a wish to see the Prince and Princess well established in England; he had long discerned that James II. was making himself

impossible as a ruler. For the success of the Prince and Princess of Orange, Schomberg said, "I would sacrifice everything; it would give me great satisfaction if we ever found ourselves together on occasions on which we could do them service." Then there was the great Elector of Brandenburg, whose last words, "London, Amsterdam"—uttered as he died, on April 29, 1688—sufficiently testified to the ideas which occupied and engrossed his mind.

Holland agreed to the expedition—as, indeed, it could not well do otherwise, for its own interests were bound up in William's success. Having gained the assent of the States-General, the Prince, as Admiral and Captain-General, used every effort to gather a fleet and a sufficient force, ostensibly as a means of defence against the English fleet, which now appeared in the Channel, while the new Elector of Brandenburg engaged to supply the place of the absent Dutch forces by lending the States 9000 men. In England, William's cause soon made great progress, and many nobles went out to him at the Hague. The Earl of Shrewsbury took with him the substantial donation of £2000 towards the expenses of the expedition, and he was followed by the sons of Lords Winchester, Danby, and Peterborough, and by a well-known High Churchman, Lord Macclesfield. Danby, Devonshire, and Lumley prepared for a rising in the North of England. The Earl of Sunderland, still James's chief counsellor, discovered William's preparations, and promised to reveal all the secrets of his Royal master on the promise of a pardon for his despicable crimes. As for James himself, he still fancied his position secure, for he imagined that the Prince of Orange would be deterred from aiding any revolt in England by the threat of a French attack on Holland.

But when the King at length awoke from his dream and found to his dismay that war preparations were actually going forward, and that the storm was about to break over his head, irresolution seized upon him, and he gave way to panic. Diplomacy and concession were resorted to in order to heal the breach between the Monarch and his subjects. Against the Prince of Orange's demands, as he understood them, he instituted a temporising action. He was convinced that the best means for resisting the Prince of Orange lay in depriving him of the support of the Episcopalian party by doing justice to its demands. A union with the Tory party and the party of the Church was what he now aimed at when it was too late; and he sought to win assent for his plans from the coming Parliament by an abandonment of his recent policy. He issued a Proclamation with the object of restoring things to the same footing as when he succeeded to the Crown; and he relaxed some of the most stringent of those fetters which pressed upon freedom of conscience. Then he made overtures to the Bishops, and in an interview he had with them declared that he wished to learn from them what was necessary in order to secure religion in the realm; he would grant everything that was compatible with his prerogative. The Bishops were moderate in their requests, only demanding at once the abolition of the Ecclesiastical Commission, the immediate filling up of the vacant Episcopal Sees, the discontinuance of the administration of so-called Vicars Apostolic, the removal of Roman Catholic schools, and the restoration of the Protestant Fellows at Magdalen College. James dissolved the Ecclesiastical Commission, and Lord Chancellor Jeffreys went into the City to restore the charters, being solemnly received at Temple Bar. Magistrates who had been driven from office were replaced, and the franchises were restored to the towns. The Bishop of Winchester was dispatched to Oxford to reorganise Magdalen College in accordance with its statutes, and Catholic chapels and Jesuit schools were ordered to be closed.

No doubt James thought he was proceeding admirably with his policy of pacification; but concessions which are the result of fear and despair are apt to be distrusted, and there was destined to be written on all his efforts—"Too late!" Sunderland advised him to call a Parliament instantly; but the King knew that in the existing temper of the people a Parliament would declare against him, and, reproaching Sunderland with want of firmness and spirit, he dismissed him from office. Scarcely had the disgraced Minister left Whitehall before the Declaration of the Prince of Orange reached England. This historical manifesto recited all the wrongs and misgovernment under which the English people had recently suffered, and demanded the removal of grievances and the calling of a free Parliament which should establish English freedom and religion on a sure basis. The Declaration promised toleration to Protestant Nonconformists, with freedom of conscience to Catholics; and it remitted the question of the legitimacy of the Prince of Wales and the settlement of the succession, to Parliament. James was deeply wounded by the doubts thrown on the legitimacy of the Prince, for he had only just produced at a solemn assembly of the Peers, who were then in London, proofs of the Prince's birth which were of a satisfactory nature to unbiased minds. Then he was much disturbed by the assertion that William of Orange had been invited to engage in his undertaking by spiritual and temporal Peers. While he thought it possible this might be an empty boast, he obtained a repudiation of it from Nobles and Bishops; but he proceeded further to require the Bishops publicly to declare their abhorrence of William's undertaking. This would manifestly have been a great point gained in his favour, but the Bishops replied that they must consult the Peers:—"They had no mind to make a declaration under their hands, except the temporal Lords would join with them." The King's pride was offended, and he told the prelates that, if they were not inclined to support him as he requested, he must stand upon his own feet and rely upon his arms. This was the crucial point of the struggle.

On his side, the Prince of Orange was supported by two classes of English clergymen. There were those, like Ferguson, who desired to invest the undertaking with the aspect of a thoroughgoing ecclesiastical and political transformation; while there were others, like the historian Burnet, who earnestly deprecated any quarrel with the English Church, in which the Prince of Orange had many of his best supporters; and these views were supported by Shrewsbury, Russell, and Sidney. Anxious not to repel the Dissenters, they yet wished most of all to place the Church of England under an obligation. There was a strong desire to maintain the interests of the Church in opposition to the Catholics, and William relied largely upon this feeling. Even many who were not Churchmen perceived the wisdom of this. Protestantism, to put the matter into a nutshell, underlay the whole struggle; but there was to be no oppression of the Catholics.

William of Orange, hoisting his flag, which displayed the arms of Nassau and of England, put to sea on Nov. 1, 1688, at Helvoetsluys. The Prince himself embarked on board the frigate Brill, whose flag displayed the inscription "For the Protestant religion, and for a Free Parliament." There were thirteen ships of war of more than thirty guns each, and a number of smaller vessels, bearing together about 14,000 men. William sailed with the full sympathy of his wife. While regretting the necessity for opposing and overthrowing the policy of her father, the King of England, her feelings and aspirations went entirely with her husband. It was expected that the English fleet would give battle in the Channel, but James's commander, Lord Dartmouth, was not strong enough



THE REVOLUTION OF 1688: WILLIAM III. ENTERING EXETER.

to do this, and he received orders only to harass the enemy. But even this was not feasible; so William's fleet, after being detained by ill winds and beaten back on its first venture by a violent storm, made its way down the Channel, and on Nov. 5—the anniversary of Gunpowder Plot—safely landed at Torbay, in Devonshire. As William's coming had been unexpected in the west, no great landowner went out to meet him, and the invasion wore at first a singularly quiet aspect. But in the course of a week the nobles and squires joined the Prince in great numbers, and Plymouth declared for him.

Macaulay furnishes a graphic picture of the entry of the invading army into Exeter. Bishop Lamplugh, as soon as he heard of the landing at Torbay, fled in terror to London. The Magistrates of Exeter were for King James, but the bulk of the inhabitants were for the Prince. The Magistrates ordered the gates to be shut; but when Lord Mordaunt threatened to punish further resistance with death, they were opened again. William arrived on the 9th, and made his entry into the city. It was a memorable day for Exeter. "From the West Gate to the Cathedral Close," observes the Whig historian, "the pressing and shouting on each side was such as reminded Londoners of the crowds on Lord Mayor's Day. The houses were gaily decorated. Doors, windows, balconies, and roofs were thronged with gazers. . . . The Dutch army, composed of men who had been born in various climates, and had served under various standards, presented an aspect at once grotesque, gorgeous, and terrible to islanders who had, in general, a very indistinct notion of foreign countries. First rode Macclesfield, at the head of two hundred gentlemen, mostly of English blood, glittering in helmets and cuirasses and mounted on Flemish war-horses. Each was attended by a negro, brought from the sugar plantations on the coast of Guiana. Then, with drawn broadswords, came a squadron of Swedish horsemen, in black armour and fur cloaks. Next, surrounded by a goodly company of gentlemen and pages, was borne aloft the Prince's banner. On its broad folds the crowds which covered the roofs and filled the windows read with delight that memorable inscription, 'The Protestant Religion and the Liberties of England.' But the acclamations redoubled when, attended by forty running footmen, the Prince himself appeared, armed on back and breast, wearing a white plume, and mounted on a white charger. With how martial an air he curbed his horse, how thoughtful and commanding was the expression of his ample forehead and falcon eye, may still be seen on the canvas of Kneller. Once those grave features relaxed into a smile. It was when an ancient woman, perhaps one of the zealous Puritans, who, through twenty-eight years of persecution, had waited with firm faith for the consolation of Israel—perhaps the mother of some rebel who had perished in the carnage of Sedgemoor, or in the more fearful carnage of the Bloody Circuit—broke from the crowd, rushed through the drawn swords and curvetting horses, touched the hand of the deliverer, and cried out that now she was happy. Near to the Prince was one who divided with him the gaze of the multitude. That, men said, was the great Count Schomberg, the first soldier in Europe since Turenne and Condé were gone; the man whose genius and valour had saved the Portuguese Monarchy on the field of Montes Claros; the man who had earned a still higher glory by resigning the truncheon of a Marshal of France for the sake of the true religion. It was not forgotten that the two heroes who, indissolubly united by their common Protestantism, were entering Exeter together, had twelve years before been opposed to each other under the walls of Maestricht, and that the energy of the young Prince had not then been found a match for the cool science of the veteran who now rode in friendship by his side. Then came a long column of the whiskered infantry of Switzerland, distinguished in all the Continental wars of two centuries by pre-eminent valour and discipline, but never till that week seen on English ground. And then marched a succession of bands designated, as was the fashion of that age, after their leaders—Bentinck, Solmes, Ginkell, Talmash, and Mackay. With peculiar pleasure Englishmen might look on one gallant regiment which still bore the name of the honoured and lamented Ossory. The effect of the spectacle was heightened by the recollection of more than one renowned event in which the warriors now pouring through the West Gate had borne a share." In one respect William's army was honourably distinguished from many other invading forces. Pillage and outrage were effectually discountenanced, and the troops were required to treat all classes with civility. "Those who had formed their notions of an army from the conduct of Kirke and his Lambs"—during the Jeffreys' Reign of Terror—"were amazed to see soldiers who never swore at a landlady or took an egg without paying for it. In return for this moderation the people furnished the troops with provisions in great abundance and at reasonable prices."

In Exeter Cathedral a solemn service was performed in honour of the safe arrival of the Prince, William going thither in military State. The Dean, like the Bishop, had taken to flight, and the Canons absented themselves from their stalls; but Bishop Burnet read out the Declaration, and at the close cried in a loud voice, "God save the Prince of Orange!" Many voices fervently answered, "Amen." A manifestation of feeling in favour of William now rapidly set in. Men of rank began to join his standard; and the first Peer of the realm who made his appearance at the quarters of the Prince of Orange was the Earl of Abingdon, who had previously been a supporter of arbitrary government, and a true friend to James at the time of the Exclusion Bill. But, like many others, the dread of Popery had driven him into opposition and rebellion. Lord Cornbury, eldest son of the Earl of Clarendon, next deserted the King; and when James heard the tidings, he turned away from his untasted meal and retired to his closet. The Queen and her ladies broke out into tears and loud cries of sorrow over the news; for where could the Royal cause find support if those who might have been expected to cling to it to the last thus abandoned it? The Bishops and a number of temporal Peers petitioned the King to call a free Parliament, and to open negotiations with the Prince of Orange. James, still not understanding that everything was sinking under him, was furious, and swore that the first messenger who arrived from the Dutch with flags of truce should be dismissed without an answer, while the second should be hanged.

In a violent temper, James set out for Salisbury, leaving behind a Council of five Lords to represent him in London. To two of these, Preston and Godolphin, no objection could be taken; but two of the others were Papists; while the fifth was Jeffreys, unquestionably the most unpopular and the best-hated man in England. Disastrous news followed the King. The head of the Seymours joined William; and the Earl of Bath, who commanded at Plymouth, placed himself and his troops at the Prince's service. All the south-west was now in William's favour. In the north, Danby conducted a great rising. Peers and gentry flocked to his standard at York, and from that city he marched on Nottingham and united his forces with those of Devonshire, who had mustered at Derby many great Lords of the midland and eastern counties. Churchill and Grafton deserted to William; the former stating that, while he owed everything to the Royal favour, he could not conscientiously draw his sword against the Protestant cause.

The King's camp at Salisbury broke up in confusion, and James proceeded to Andover. He was accompanied by his son-in-law, Prince George, and by the Duke of Ormond—both, however, conspirators against him. Prince George unwittingly furnished the humour of these stirring times. He was extremely stupid, and whenever any news was told him he would exclaim, in French, "Est-il possible?" As soon as he learnt that Churchill and Grafton were missing, the ejaculation was forthcoming, and when it was reported from Westminster that Kirke was no longer faithful to the King, he again exclaimed, "Est-il possible?" Charles II. once said, "I have tried Prince George sober, and I have tried him drunk; and, drunk or sober, there is nothing in him." But "Est-il possible?" and Ormond had sufficient sense of what was good for them to leave the King before it was too late, and after James had retired to rest on the evening succeeding his arrival at Andover, they mounted their horses and rode off, accompanied by the eldest son of the Duke of Queensberry, a nobleman who was the recognised head of the Scotch Presbyterians. James was not so moved by the news of Prince George's defection as might have been expected. "What!" he said, "is 'Est-il possible' gone, too? After all, a good trooper would have been a greater loss." He was more enraged against Churchill, and immediately set off for London. Before he arrived there, Princess Anne had fled from Whitehall. Fearful of her father's vengeance, and moved by her idolatrous affection for her favourite, Lady Churchill, her resolution was soon taken. "I will jump out of the window," she cried, "rather than be found here by my father!" Accordingly, at dead of night, the Princess and her friend stole down the back stairs in dressing-gown and slippers. They gained the street, and entered a hackney coach that was in waiting. The coach was guarded by Compton, Bishop of London, the Princess's old tutor, and by the accomplished Lord Dorset. Resting for the night at the Bishop's palace in Aldersgate-street, next day the fugitives were safely conveyed to Dorset's mansion in Epping Forest. Thence she went to Nottingham, Bishop Compton assuming for the time a militant character and taking command of her escort, in a buff coat and jack-boots, with a sword at his side and pistols in his holster. The flight of the Princess caused great consternation at Whitehall. When the King arrived there in the evening, this last affliction caused him to exclaim: "God help me! My own children have forsaken me!"

James held a Council of his Lords. He was advised to negotiate, to announce the redress of national grievances, and



JAMES II. LEAVING WHITEHALL WITH THE GREAT SEAL.

to pardon those over whom he had really no longer any power. In a burst of indignation he exclaimed: "I cannot do it: I must make examples—Churchill, above all; Churchill, whom I raised so high. He, and he alone, has done all this. He has corrupted my army; he has corrupted my child. He would have put me into the hands of the Prince of Orange but for God's special providence. My Lords, you are strangely anxious for the safety of traitors. None of you troubles himself about my safety." Deluded Monarch, he still could not see that it was his own conduct which had precipitated events, and caused them to take a turn that neither Churchill nor anyone else could withstand. The King, nevertheless, did so far submit to counsel as to resolve to call a Parliament, and appoint Commissioners to treat with William. A Proclamation was also issued granting a free pardon to all rebels, and declaring them eligible for service in Parliament. But the negotiation was a feint, as James had no intention of yielding anything, and he told the French Ambassador that he was merely gaining time to ship off his wife and the Prince of Wales, and to secure that symbol of kingly authority, the Great Seal. When these things were done, then he, too, would leave England, and take refuge either in Ireland or Scotland, or at the French Court.

But Lord Dartmouth, who was still in command of the Royal fleet, having learnt that the negotiation, the amnesty, and the Parliament were all a fraud, was naturally wroth at being deceived. He declared that, while he would risk his life in defence of the Throne, he would be no party to transporting the Prince of Wales into France. Meanwhile, events marched rapidly. Great agitation arose in London, and there were risings in various parts of the country. Newcastle declared for Protestantism and a free Parliament, and the King's statue was hurled into the Tyne; Hull followed Newcastle; the Duke of Norfolk secured Norwich; Bristol opened its gates to Shrewsbury; and Oxford enthusiastically greeted Lord Lovelace, who had been released by the people of Gloucester after his capture by the Royal troops. William of Orange advanced to Salisbury, where he was joined by the Earls of Clarendon and Oxford, and other nobles, who had hitherto been regarded as ardent Royalists. The invader marched to Hungerford, where he arrived on Dec. 5. Negotiations were here opened with the King's Commissioners. The Prince's demands were put in writing and handed to Halifax. At a dinner at Littlecote, Halifax inquired of Burnet, "What is it that you want? Do you wish to get the King into your own power?" "Not at all," replied Burnet, "we would not do the least harm to his person." "And if he were to go away?" continued Halifax. "There is nothing," said Burnet, "so much to be wished."

Flight was the great solution of the difficulty favoured by the Whigs. At Whitehall James was busy about the safety of the Queen and the Prince of Wales. He confided them to the care of the Count of Lauzun, telling him that everything must be risked to carry them into France. Lauzun courageously accepted the task, and, with the aid of his friend Saint Victor, a gentleman of Provence, he conveyed the Queen and her little son in a skiff to Lambeth. Thence they went by coach to Gravesend, where they embarked in a yacht which they found waiting for them, and which had on board Lord Powis and his wife. On Dec. 10 James learnt that the Royal fugitives were safely on their way to France, and at the same time he received unexpectedly favourable proposals from the Commissioners at Hungerford. Instead of accepting them, however, he made preparations for flight, observing to his few remaining friends that Parliament would force on him concessions which he could not endure, while flight would enable him to return and regain his throne with the assistance of French forces.

Early on the morning of the 11th, James quietly disappeared through a secret passage at Whitehall, bearing the Great Seal in his hand. Sir Edward Hales was waiting for him with a hackney coach, in which he was conveyed to Millbank. Crossing the Thames in a small wherry, he threw the Great Seal into the river, from which it was accidentally recovered months afterwards. The King landed at Vauxhall, and made his way to the Isle of Sheppey, where a hoy was in readiness to convey him to France. Intense excitement ensued in London when the flight became known. The actual Sovereign of England had departed, and the Prince of Orange had not arrived. It was a curious interregnum. Riots broke out in the Metropolis, and the Spanish Ambassador's house was sacked. The Lords met at Whitehall, and by a kind of Provisional Government endeavoured to preserve order. The infamous Jeffreys was arrested in the disguise of a common sailor at an ale-house in Wapping. He was conveyed to the Tower, where his life was destined to close in a fearful manner, but one righteously retributive for his diabolical actions. What is called by the historians an "Irish night" next succeeded in London, the whole city being thrown into a state of terror. But although much property was destroyed, not a single Roman Catholic lost his life, though the prejudice against the Irish Papists was exceedingly strong.

The King, during this exciting time, did not get away to France as he hoped. He was detained near Sheerness by some fishermen, who suspected him to be a Jesuit. When his identity was discovered, he threatened and implored by turns to be allowed to go. "Let me go," he exclaimed; "get me a boat. The Prince of Orange is hunting for my life. If you do not let me fly now, it will be too late. My blood will be on your heads. He that is not with me is against me." But a troop of Life Guards brought James back in safety to London. William was now at Windsor. He could offer no further terms to the King, whose only plan was to make a second and more successful attempt to escape. Some of the Tories, like Clarendon and Rochester, now hoped that things would blow over in James's favour. The Prince of Orange had done good service in overthrowing the King's design to establish a Catholic despotism; but this being achieved, there was no reason to fear that a reconciliation could not be effected between James and the new Tory Parliament that was to be summoned. But Halifax, perhaps the most far-sighted statesman of the times, had himself abandoned these hopes. He saw that the Revolution was practically accomplished, and he "pressed upon William the impossibility of carrying out a new system of Government with such a Sovereign as James." The Whigs, of course, took the same view, and the Prince was also brought to see that the time for compromise had passed, and that the fallen Monarch must depart.

One thing was clear; there could not be a King James at Whitehall and a King William at St. James's. Something must be done with the former. There was a consultation of Peers at Windsor, and it was decided that James must be sent out of London. It would be hard to depose him if he remained, and still more dangerous to keep him a prisoner. The Dutch troops now occupied Whitehall, and three English Lords—Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Delamere—delivered to the King a message to the effect that the Prince of Orange would be at Westminster in a few hours, and that his Majesty would do well to set out for Havre before ten the next morning. On Dec. 18, the King, who seemed paralysed by untoward circumstances, set out for Rochester instead, and while his barge made its way with difficulty down the river, which was somewhat rough, the Prince's troops poured into London. Notwithstanding the severe weather, a great crowd assembled near Albemarle House and St. James's to welcome the Prince, and all were adorned with an orange ribbon.

The Prince of Orange duly arrived at St. James's, accompanied by Schomberg. He had succeeded in his enterprise, but now began his Constitutional difficulties. Was he to assume the Crown by right of conquest, and then as King send out writs summoning a Parliament? This was what several eminent lawyers advised him to do, but there were obstacles in the way; so he decided upon calling together the Lords and the surviving members of the Parliaments of Charles I. They were appointed to meet at St. James's on Dec. 21, and about seventy attended. Before the assembly proceeded to business, a number of Royalists made one last effort to restore James. They sent assurances to him at Rochester that if even now, at the eleventh hour, he would abandon those designs abhorrent to his people, they would strenuously defend his interests. But James was so overcome by fears of personal danger that he was not able mentally to take in the situation. All he felt was that it was at his peril if he remained in England; so on the morning of Feb. 23 he embarked for France. His flight discomfited the Royalists, but in an equal degree rejoiced the Whigs.

The Revolution was now practically complete, for the most serious difficulty had been removed by the departure of the King. The two assemblies of Peers and Commons requested William to take upon himself the provisional government of the kingdom, and to issue circular letters inviting the electors of every town and county to send up representatives to a Convention Parliament, which was to meet on Jan. 22, 1689. William pursued a tolerant policy, and would permit no interference with the elections. But, in truth, the people were so favourable to him, and had been so long waiting for this appeal to their suffrages, that no kind of coercion was needed on behalf of his cause. The City of London elected four great merchants, all zealous Whigs, and other towns imitated the example of the capital—the result being that a large majority of the shires and boroughs returned Whig members to the new Parliament.

James arrived at St. Germain, where he was received by the French King, and England began to adapt herself to the new condition of things. But the Convention Parliament was far from being harmonious in its early sittings. The Commons declared the throne to be vacant in consequence of the conduct and the virtual abdication of James; but the Lords, while admitting that James had ceased to be King, denied that the throne could be vacant, and affirmed that the Sovereignty was now vested in his daughter Mary. Nevertheless, William

declined to be Regent, &c., as he said, "Gentleman-usher to his wife"; and Mary refused to accept the Crown save in conjunction with her husband. The difficulties were finally set at rest by the decision of the Houses that William and Mary should be acknowledged as joint Sovereigns, but that the actual administration should rest with William alone. The new King and Queen were proclaimed by the Convention Parliament on Feb. 13, 1689.

One great legislative act remained to be achieved before the grand results of the Revolution could be said to be finally secured. The famous Declaration of Rights was drawn up by a Parliamentary Committee, and adopted by both Houses. This important instrument recapitulated the misgovernment of James, his abdication, and the resolve of the Lords and Commons to assert the rights and liberties of English subjects; it condemned as illegal the Ecclesiastical Commission and James's resolve to raise an army without Parliamentary sanction; it denied the right of any King to suspend or dispense with laws, or to exact money without the consent of Parliament; it asserted the rights of petition and of the free choice of Parliamentary representatives, and demanded a pure and merciful administration of justice; it claimed liberty of debate for both Houses, demanded securities for the exercise of the Protestant religion, and bound the new Sovereign to maintain that religion as well as the laws and liberties of the nation; and it concluded by declaring the Prince and Princess of Orange King and Queen of England. The Declaration of Rights was accepted by William and Mary, and from their accession may be said to date the great paramount authority of the Commons of England. Limitations were placed upon the power of the Crown, and the real government of England henceforth lay in the hands of the people. Of all revolutions that the world has seen, there has never been one which, with so little bloodshed, achieved such great and enduring results as the Protestant Revolution of 1688.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

NOVELS.

The Ladies' Gallery. By Mrs. Campbell Praed and Justin McCarthy, M.P. Three vols. (Bentley).—Combined authorship, even between two practised novel-writers, is apt to injure the harmony of aesthetic impression that should prevail in a work of high literary art. This is the more to be regretted when the main design is conceived and wrought out, in all essential passages of action and movements of feeling, by an author of such vivid and powerful dramatic imagination as Mrs. Campbell Praed. Supposing, as we are inclined to do, that the portions of this novel contributed by Mr. Justin McCarthy are the comparatively trivial and insignificant descriptions of the precincts of the House of Commons, and the fantastic misdescription of the notorious riots in Trafalgar-square, it seems to us that the omission of those chapters would render Mrs. Campbell Praed's story one of the finest we have lately read. It would not then be entitled "The Ladies' Gallery;" and so much the better, for it is really no picture of the lives and labours of Members of Parliament, or of the instructed sympathies of their lady friends with the contests of political ambition. If Mr. Richard Ransom, a young Australian millionaire, utterly a stranger in Europe and ignorant both of public business and of English concerns, had the vanity to tell Mrs. Florence, whom he met on his way hither from Melbourne, that he should at once get into the House and would give her the first seat he could procure in the gallery, he was then behaving very unlike the modest and genuine hero represented in the more important parts of this story. The incident can only have been put in for the sake of giving to the novel a catching title which bears no relation whatever to its true subject, and which was certainly far from being needful or expedient to recommend a work of romantic fiction otherwise distinguished by great and rare merits. Its true interest, we are happy to assure the reader, may yet be enjoyed profoundly in spite of these blots and deceptions, as it is fully developed with the quiet strength of artistic genius, with evenness and simplicity of style, and with an unflinching grasp of the dramatic intention controlling a few vital changes in the relative situations of the chief actors. Its subject is the position of an honourable man who, having contracted under circumstances of extreme peril and hardship an intimate friendship with another man, being indebted to him for thrice saving his life when they were destitute wanderers in the Bush of North Queensland, and for sharing with him a discovery of gold that suddenly enriched them both, a few years later meets at the Falls of Niagara a woman supposed by him to be a widow; he loves her instantly with a first and final, fatal love, and she, though firmly rejecting and resisting his suit, nevertheless, in a moment of apparent danger, at the impending collision of their ship with another steamer, involuntarily betrays her affection for him when death seems close at hand. This woman, Mrs. Florence, accompanied by her brother Anthony Strange, is also on her way from Australia; and she is the wife of the man now calling himself Joseph Binbian, the trusty comrade, sworn friend, and gold-mining partner of Richard Ransom, who knew that his friend was an escaped convict, and that he had been guilty of embezzling some money of Government; that he had formerly been a gambler, drunkard, and profligate husband; but who had seen, during five years of close companionship, the sincerity of his moral reformation. Ransom does not know the name that his friend had borne in another Australian colony—Queensland is a long way from Melbourne—before he was condemned to imprisonment, and got away into the wild region where they first met; where one shared with the other, dying of thirst, his last drop of water; one nursed the other for weeks in fever; one plunged into a raging torrent to save the other from drowning; one received in his own body a spear hurled by murderous savages at the other; and where the profits of a marvellous find of gold were faithfully shared between them. Surely, in such a situation there are elements of romance, of heroic tragedy, of that mysterious game of cross purposes between Fate or Fortune or Providence and the highest resolves and noblest emotions of the human heart, which makes the Drama, in any form—even in a prose narrative of common folk of our own days—incomparably the most interesting kind of literature? These three persons, Ransom, his partner "Binbian Joe"—a name taken from the Binbian Range, where they found the gold—and this man's lost wife, Berenice, who hates and loathes the memory of her brief and wretched married life, are the principal characters. And they are all noble, each in his or her own way; for she, dreading no evil so much as that of again meeting her husband, never thinks, except in one moment of frantic despair, and as a refuge from that horror, that she can give herself to the man she loves; while Joe, purified of every low habit and passion by intense suffering, and exalted by his brotherly friendship with Ransom, never thinks of the chance of finding her except for atonement and pardon, but like Enoch Arden, prefers that she shall believe him dead, so that she may be free. Such is the theme which Mrs. Campbell Praed has treated in a tale of so much imaginative force, refinement of feeling, and moral beauty that to label it with that silly title, "The Ladies' Gallery," and to mix up with it the mere

commonplace London newspaper anecdotes to which we have referred, is a sad mistake between the joint authors. The sincerity of genius ought also to guard such an author as she here proves herself against ironically depreciating her own art by introducing the useless figure of Miss Philippa Dell; a lady novelist who practises flirtations with different men for the purpose of utilising her experiences in fiction to be paid for by the booksellers, and who sets down in her note-book as material for "copy" the tenderest or the painfulest things she hears among her friends. There is a grotesque unreality, too, in the manners of that amiable old couple, Sir Anthony and Lady Strange, living at the banking-house in Lombard-street; and young Tony's language is that of an excessively silly and vulgar boy, not at all amusing. As for the final catastrophe in Trafalgar-square, where Ransom and Binbian Joe, who together have five millions sterling in their pockets, appear as champions of the starving London poor, and Binbian is shot dead—we can only say that it is a shame to spoil a noble story by appending such a gross absurdity at the end. It would have been easy to devise another way for Binbian to die in performing an act of self-devotion; as it would have been easy to choose a better place than "The Ladies' Gallery" for one of the most critical moments in the revelation of the central fact of this story. Notwithstanding the blemishes that have been pointed out, we must declare it to be a good novel, almost a great one, and we can decidedly recommend it to our readers.

From Moor Isles. By Jessie Fothergill. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—The readers of Miss Fothergill's new story will find it abundantly engaging and interesting; but its main concern is far removed from the few people belonging to "Moor Isles." That rather misleading name, instead of denoting a maritime situation, has by some perverted pronunciation of a local dialect word been given to an old farm-house among the inland hills between Lancashire and Yorkshire. In that neighbourhood, where old-fashioned rustic life still abides the admixture of a rather uncultured social element from the residences of thriving district manufacturers, the ruinous infatuation of Brian Holgate, and the unselfish constancy of Alice Ormerod, might afford sufficient motives for a pathetic tale. Up to a certain point, their history is developed with considerable effect, but its spring of interest is soon dried up by the exposure of Brian's contemptible moral weakness; and, though Alice presents a noble womanly figure, her action in the story has no important result. The person whose youthful affections and experiences command most attention is Ines Grey, an orphan girl, brought up from infancy under the generous protection of the eminent professional vocalist, Felix Arkwright, known as M. Félix in Paris and other foreign cities. Her mother, the widow of a young English gentleman who had been disinherited for marrying her, failed as a public singer and died in poverty; upon which Felix kindly undertook the care of the child. The characters and the behaviour of Mr. Felix and of his confidential friend, Madame Reichardt, an English lady of great benevolence and of high accomplishments, the widow of a German merchant at Irford (evidently Manchester), are represented in the most pleasing light. They are perfectly consistent; and such rare examples of unaffected goodness, allied with tact and discretion, and with true refinement of taste and manners, are very possibly to be met with in the actual world. As both these congenial allies in well-doing are within the marriageable age between thirty and forty, and are in constant correspondence, besides occasional visits, one is inclined to hope that they will make a suitable match; but the demands of romance are preferred by allowing Ines Grey, when she grows up to womanhood, to feel an affection warmer than gratitude for her wise and faithful guardian. Becoming, as she presently does become, the real heroine of the story, Ines relates the most essential portion of it in chapters supposed to be written by herself, which have little connection with the affairs of the unfortunate dwellers at Moor Isles. Upon one occasion, indeed, when Mr. Felix, Mrs. Reichardt, and Miss Grey, accept Brian Holgate's invitation to spend an afternoon in his moorland home, where Alice Ormerod helps to entertain them, some links of mutual esteem are formed, which do not afterwards bind the separate fortunes of these parties closely together. Brian, an enthusiast about music, but a careless idler, never recognises the true worth of Alice, who loves him and would save him; but he falls a victim to the seductions of Lucy Barraclough, the wickedest little flirt in the country; takes to drink and gambling with her brother Jim and with the artful schemer, Dick Law; finally, loses all his money in the wild game of "poker," and goes to America by the assistance of Mr. Felix. We do not care much about him; and the concluding information that he has mended his life, and has found a new home and a wife in the United States, leaves us only content to know that he is never to become the husband of Alice. With regard to the other group of characters, their relations to each other excite lively and agreeable sympathy, of which Ines is naturally the centre. Among the best scenes are those of her being presented to her haughty grandfather, old Mr. Grey, and to her cousins, Maurice and Maud, at the Kirkfence (Leeds) Musical Festival; and her subsequent meeting with Maurice at an evening party in London. She has been educated with the highest intellectual advantages under learned professors, and is a scholar of the Oriental languages, Persian and Sanscrit, intending to earn her own livelihood by teaching or literary work. Resenting the former harsh conduct of her grandfather towards her own parents, and the long neglect of herself by all her paternal kindred, she declines the offer of a home with the Greys, who are a rich and aristocratic family; and she of course refuses the hand of Cousin Maurice, being half-unconsciously in love with Mr. Felix. The admirable self-denying arrangement made by her kind benefactor to wean her from this suspected attachment to himself, of which he thinks it would not be right to take advantage, is ultimately defeated. After leaving her two years under the care of Madame Prénat in London, neither seeing her nor writing to her during that time, Mr. Felix at length perceives, when Mrs. Reichardt and Ines join him in his American tour, that the girl's heart is fairly and irretrievably given to him; and then, putting aside his needless scruples, he at length obeys the prompting of his own heart by marrying Ines after all, with the sincere approval of Mrs. Reichardt. All this part of the story comes to an end very happily, and even with an intimation that "Moor Isles" is a place to be revisited now and then; but with a lonely prospect for Alice Ormerod, who was deserving of a better fate.

Broken Wings, by Avery Macalpine (Chatto and Windus), is a one-volume work by the author of "Teresa Itasca," and has all the charm of lifelike characterisation and vivid description which marked the previous book. Rouen, in which most of the incidents of this interesting story of French life occurred, is graphically described. The tale is romantic to the verge of sensationalism; yet it is thoroughly wholesome, its chief theme being the passionate, self-sacrificing love of a mother for her daughter, who is under training for a *danseuse*; while the other characters are drawn with dramatic power. The narrative is picturesque, and the style everywhere graceful and frequently poetical. Some illustrations by W. J. Hennessy adorn the work.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

The old proverb about the hardships encountered by a fish out of water, might, of course, be paralleled by the case of a man in the sea. But just as there are fishes which (like the climbing perch of India and others) can live for prolonged periods outside the medium in which they naturally exist, so it would appear there are variations and degrees in the length of time which humanity can remain under water. M. Lacassagne has been studying this latter point of late, his chief subject being a celebrated diver. This man, it was alleged, could remain under water for 4 min. 14 sec., which, it must be confessed, is a great advance in duration over the period commonly believed to prove fatal to a completely immersed person. The study of this man revealed certain interesting and important points. In the first place, he expelled all the air from his lungs—that is all the air which breathing can expel from the lungs, for there always remains in the lungs an amount over and above that which can be exhaled in the deepest expiration—then he filled his lungs as completely as possible, and dived. While in the water, he swallowed about a litre of the fluid, a litre being nearly (176) two pints. On emerging from the water, it is said he "snorted" frequently, while his face was congested, his heart-beats slow and feeble, and his eyes flushed.

M. Lacassagne observed that this diver, in the course of his deep inspirations previous to his immersion, really swallowed a large amount of air; while, when under the water, he swallowed saliva, or the fluid of the mouth. During immersion, also, the movements of breathing proceeded at a regular rate of twenty to the minute; the cavities of the chest and abdomen diminishing proportionately in size. The explanation of the ability to remain below water for such a prolonged period appears to rest on the fact that the man's pharynx (the cavity which intervenes between the mouth and throat) acts as a reservoir of air. The air is drawn, it is supposed, from the stomach into the cavity first named, and is thence inhaled into the lungs. The faculty of successful diving would thus appear to rest upon a power of swallowing air in the first instance, this swallowed air serving as a store upon which the lungs may and do draw when the diver is below water. It would be interesting to learn what physiologists have to say to this theory of diving; but I am reminded that in certain fishes which can remain out of water for a length of time there exists a storehouse for water in the head. In other fishes, which seem actually to require in part to breathe air like ourselves from the atmosphere, and which perish if kept below water, the pharynx serves as a cavity wherein air is contained. The latter fishes in this respect resemble M. Lacassagne's diver in their possessing an aerial reservoir on whose stores they may draw for the vital supply.

The "omnipresent germ" is, day by day, extending its range of action. The latest information to hand regarding the work of bacilli, as the germs are named, and their neighbours, is to the effect that the phosphorescent light of certain animals is really a consequence of the action of these germs. There is a shell-fish called the *Pholas*, which burrows in rocks by means of its shells; and in this animal, M. Raphael Dubois tells us he has discovered a bacillus or germ, which, through the chemical changes it produces in the animal tissues, evolves the phosphorescent gleam. Some phosphorated substance being oxidised, to put the matter chemically, by the germ-action, we get the strange weird light of the sea produced. There is another point in this explanation worth recording, because it favours the views of the author I have just quoted. Phosphorescence is known to be frequently associated with decay of animal tissues. Now, decay really means the pulling to pieces of the dead animal by germ-action; and if this notion be correct, we are at no loss in such a case to connect the phosphorescence with a likely cause. Again, the germ-origin of these lights of the sea may serve to remove some of the difficulties which naturalists have felt in accounting for the utility and causes of the strange gleaming in animals whose deep-sea habits place them far beyond the influence of light.

One of the premonitions of earthquake has long been alleged to exist in the disturbed temper of the animal creation in the neighbourhood of the affected area. Professor Milne, whose observations on earthquakes are so numerous and interesting, says that animals are more widely affected during earthquakes than we have hitherto supposed. Not only do domestic animals exhibit consternation, but fishes experience what appears to be great alarm. In 1880, at Tokio, in Japan, the cats tried to escape from houses, foxes barked, and horses tried to break loose from their stables. Before earthquakes began, pheasants have screamed, and ponies threatened a stampede. Birds hide their heads beneath their wings, as if apprehensive of coming danger. In Calabria, the sand-eels left their burrows, and came to the top of the sand in multitudes. Probably, as Mr. Milne remarks, animals are highly sensitive to the slight premonitory tremors which herald the greater shock. When we consider how much more extensive and delicate than our own senses those of many lower animals are, we cease to wonder at such examples of their sensitiveness. A dog's sense of smell, for instance, must transcend immensely our own olfactory sense, and open up to the animal, worlds of odours and impressions all unknown to his master.

Great activity now reigns in our educational departments everywhere. The winter sessions and autumnal terms are in full swing, and from our Universities downwards to the night-classes for working-lads, the busy work of gaining knowledge proceeds apace. One cannot avoid the thought that with this wide diffusion of knowledge, the world, while it grows wiser, must grow better likewise. I am afraid, however, that until we succeed in acquiring "culture," as the method of applying our knowledge to making life happier and healthier, we shall not reap the full benefit of all our educational activity. I know of no word which has been more roundly and soundly abused than this same term "culture." Matthew Arnold's definition of it strikes me as being admirably succinct. Knowledge comes, but culture lingers—to parody the Laureate's lines; in truth, the "wisdom" of the poet is much the same thing as the "culture" of the philosopher. Let us get knowledge by all means—without it man would relapse into the savage state—but in all our educational aspirations let us strive after the culture that applies knowledge to its useful ends. Culture is only the successful utilisation of knowledge in the aim of increasing human happiness, after all. Let us be careful that, amidst all our acquirements, we at least learn the high art of putting our knowledge to useful ends.

I have received from various correspondents accounts of frogs and toads "in solid rocks," corroborative of the views expressed by me in "Science Jottings" for Oct. 13. But the "toad in the rock" is such a venerable institution that I doubt whether any criticism of a scientific kind can dispose of him. People dearly love their superstitions. ANDREW WILSON.

IN THE TIME OF THE EMPIRE.

The fashion of Parisian female dress, in the last years of the eighteenth century and at the beginning of this century, under the Directory of the French Republic and under the Consulate and Empire of Napoleon Buonaparte, affected a kind of simplicity which seemed to denote a reaction from the pompous attire customary under the old Monarchy. At first there was a rage for imitating the classical Greek and Roman costumes, with no waist, but a long loose garment fastened by a brooch at one shoulder; this was superseded by the short-waisted white frock of the "ingénue" or "jeune fille," with arms bare, except when a long silk mitten was drawn up beyond the elbow of the left arm, while the head was covered with a huge Leghorn bonnet, surmounted by a wreath of flowers. This innocent-looking dress, which is represented in the picture by an Italian artist, was actually worn for some time not only by girls, but also by ladies who perhaps were not so young as they had been, and who practised the airs of juvenile sprightliness and tenderness until they had passed middle age. It is so disagreeable to think of beginning to grow old.

NEW BOOKS.

Life of Lord Stratford De Redcliffe, K.G. By Stanley Lane Poole. Two vols. (Longmans).—The biography of that eminent diplomatist and statesman, who during nearly half a century bore an active part in British policy, and in the East of Europe had great influence over its affairs, cannot fail to be of much historical interest. His commanding personality, as well as the deference long paid to his wishes and opinions, which rose to its height at the time of the Crimean War, make him almost as great a figure as some of the rulers of considerable States. It is questionable whether he could have attained much authority at home, or the rank of Prime Minister, in any case, as a Parliamentary statesman. Though an able councillor and a masterly administrator, he, perhaps, lacked the sympathetic insight, as he lacked the peculiar experience, needful for success in popular government. His public-spirited uprightness, with his extraordinary force of purpose, secured the assent of Lord Palmerston and other political leaders to his own views, which he undoubtedly believed to be wise and just. Some of us, in this year 1888, may think, as some did in 1854, that the policy of playing guardian and tutor to the Turkish Empire was not the true English policy, and that very little good has come of the immense sacrifices we have made for its sake. Yet we hold the memory of Sir Stratford Canning, Lord Stratford De Redcliffe, in sufficient esteem to greet Mr. Stanley Lane Poole's "Life" of him with real satisfaction, which is enhanced by the perusal of a work so good in literary composition, so well arranged, and so full of exact information, characteristic anecdotes, and valuable details concerning momentous transactions. Stratford Canning, nephew to the Right Hon. George Canning, but only seventeen years his junior, was born in 1786, in the City of London, the son of a not very successful merchant, was brought up by his widowed mother at Wanstead, was educated at Eton and partly at King's College, Cambridge, was placed in the Foreign Office by his uncle's influence, was sent to Copenhagen, and soon afterwards to Constantinople, as Secretary of a Legation, and in 1810, at the age of twenty-three, was acting as Minister Plenipotentiary to the Porte, then beset with Russian and French intrigues in the midst of our great war with Napoleon I. His biographer candidly observes that this easy and rapid advancement in the diplomatist's career accounts for his "exceeding masterfulness"—which some have called high-handed arrogance and occasional insubordination—his want of the faculty of "getting on with others"; his impatient, menacing temper, and a disposition to be suspicious which came from the nest of intrigues that surrounded him at Constantinople. These faults in an English statesman at home would have been fatal to high political usefulness; but there are some indiscriminating admirers of "the Great Eltchi" who seem to regard them as the best qualifications for a British Minister dealing with Turkey and Russia. Most readers of the biography, who are likely to be somewhat acquainted with the history of our foreign affairs from 1824 to 1858, will have formed an opinion long ago upon the manner in which "the Eastern Question" was handled. This may even be extended to the events of 1878, under the Beaconsfield Administration; but happily, in the present situation of Europe, it is not of urgent practical need to correct any misapprehensions that may have been entertained on that score. Ten years ago, thirty years ago, sixty or seventy years ago—what is it all to us

now but past history, worth studying, of course, for example and instruction, but with no imperative bearing on the actual interests and duties of this time? These two volumes, apart from the concerns of the Turkish Empire, of Greece, of Navarino, of Asia Minor, of Syria, of Egypt, of "the Danubian Principalities," of Servia, of Montenegro, of the Unkari Skelessi and other Treaties, of the Czar Nicholas and Prince Mentchikoff, of the result of the Crimean War, the Hatti Humayoun, the manifold breakings and patchings of the rotten Imperial garment of Ottoman rule, contain much that will interest readers who have given all that up as a bad job. The brilliant figure of George Canning is naturally prominent in some chapters of the first volume. His generous sympathy with struggling nationalities of old renown was effectually proved, during his Ministry, by his friendly efforts at European intervention on behalf of Greece. These had the zealous co-operation of Stratford Canning, in Constantinople, from 1826 to 1832; and we are inclined to regard them as the brightest achievement of both the Cannings,

Lords, dying in 1880, a "Grand Old Man," at the age of ninety-three. He was certainly deserving of a book to be written about him, and here is a good one.

The Long White Mountain. By H. E. M. James (Longmans).—Manchuria is not unknown to us, but few travellers have explored it. Mr. H. E. M. James, of the Bombay Civil Service, has lately spent his holidays in a seven months' journey in that country, the result of which is now published in this volume, and is full of fresh and interesting matter. Its chief feature is the exploration, for the first time, of the Chang-Pai-Shan, which is the Chinese for the "Long" or "Old" White Mountain. The present dynasty which rules in China is Manchu; its ancestors come from the region of this mountain, and there is a fabulous legend which ascribes their first origin to it; so to them it is very sacred, and it presents us with an instance of a mountain being a kiblah, or shrine, towards which prayer is offered. The Emperor Kanghi visited Kirin in 1682, and when he came in sight of the mountain he alighted from his horse, and bowed

thrice by way of salutation. The present Military Governor of the district has once a year to perform a ceremony of praying, looking to this sacred mountain of the dynasty. It was supposed to be of great height, and that its whiteness was from the eternal snow on its summit; Mr. James's exploration gives us now the real account of it. The mountain is only about 8000 ft. high; it is, no doubt, covered with snow in winter, and a few patches were seen in the clefts, but the colour is that of the rock, which is pumice-stone. The top is an old volcano, and the crater is formed of this pumice-stone, standing up in jagged peaks and perpendicular sides, in the centre of which, in the old crater, is a pellucid pool of deep blue water, about six or seven miles in circumference. This is the Lung-Wan-Tan, or the "Dragon Prince's Pool." The visitors could not descend the steep sides of the crumbling pumice-stone, but Lieutenant Young-husband managed to ascend the top of the highest peak. Amongst the principal towns visited were Moukden, Kirin, Tsitsihar, Sansing, Ningtu, and Hun-Ch'un, which are described, as well as the rivers and roads, with the manners and customs of the various races to be found in Manchuria. Mr. James was accompanied by Mr. H. Fulford, of the Chinese Consular Service, and by Lieutenant Young-husband, of the King's Dragoon Guards, who has since returned to India by way of Mongolia, the great desert of Gobi, to Kashgar and Yarkand, and got safely into Kashmir by way of the Mustagh Pass, the crossing of which has been already related before the Royal Geographical Society.

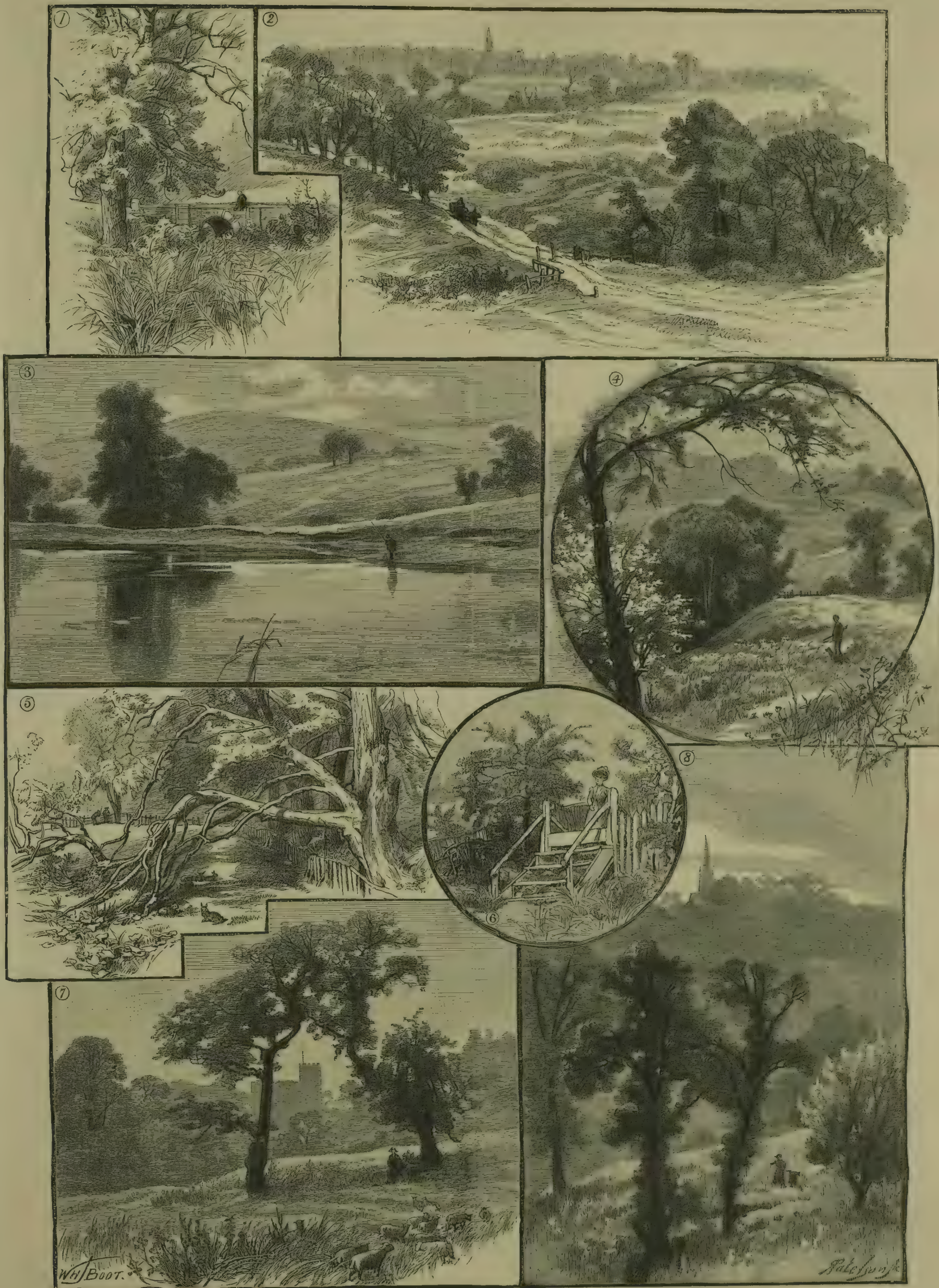
Sketches of Hindoo Life. By Devendra N. Das, B.A. (Chapman and Hall).—It will tell people in England what a great change has taken place in India, and how far our language has progressed in that country, when we note how many have learned to speak and write English, and the large numbers of the better classes who come to our universities to complete their education. It is even more significant to find that many of these gentlemen are becoming authors, and producing books. There are learned authors in India, such as Dr. Rajendralala Mitra, who has written a number of works in English on Indian literature and archaeology. He is only one of many authors, and few will dissent from the hope that the number of these native Indian scholars may increase. Devendra N. Das has lately contributed a number of *Sketches of Hindoo life* to the daily papers, and one of them, rather longer than the others, had the honour of appearing in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*. These have now been published in a volume; and they give a very good account of the everyday life and customs of the natives of India. The sketches are evidently written to be popular in this country, and to attain this the author has avoided almost all Hindostanee words and phrases. Perhaps he has carried his abstinence of reference to Indian ideas a little too far. For example, his account of the "Yogee" would not have suffered, if he had just hinted that the practice of these ascetics was founded on the Yoga Philosophy, which dates back to a remote period; and that a celebrated author, known as Patanjali, has left a work on the subject as old as 200 B.C. Nor would it have interfered with the spirit of his purpose had he told us that one Vatsyayana wrote a book, about 1800 years ago, on which the domestic and social life of the Hindoos is moulded, as it teaches the science of life. The author of "Sketches of Hindoo Life" evidently writes from his own experience, and this gives a value to his descriptions. The whole is very fresh, and the work is a contribution to our knowledge of the daily existence of the people of India, a subject on which we have not as yet many books of authority to refer to.



"IN THE TIME OF THE EMPIRE."—AFTER THE PAINTING BY F. ANDREOTTI.

From a Photograph by Allinari Brothers, Florence.

from first to last. Stratford Canning, however, was not Minister in Turkey, but in the United States of America, from 1820 to 1823, when he privately wrote, "I wish with all my soul that the Greeks were put in possession of their whole patrimony, and that the Sultan were driven bag and baggage into the heart of Asia"; much the same wish that Mr. Gladstone expressed in favour of the Bulgarians eleven years ago! It has never, indeed, been possible for any English statesman, Conservative or Liberal, to entertain a feeling of positive hostility to the cause of national independence in the countries under Turkish rule; but some of our statesmen have too often thought fit to postpone such claims to their chief object, that of thwarting Russian influence among the populations attached to the Greek and other Eastern Churches. Leaving, once more, the not very agreeable consideration of such topics, and the costly errors of our foreign policy which are not likely to be repeated, we commend Mr. Stanley Lane Poole's work as a piece of history, as a biography, and as the narrative of a great and dignified Englishman's public and private life. It has some domestic and personal interest. Sir Stratford Canning sat many years in the House of Commons, and as Lord Stratford De Redcliffe many years in the House of



1. Bridge over Pond, East Park Estate.

2. View of Highgate from lower side of the East Heath, Hampstead, looking over the late Brickfields.

3. Parliament Hill from Highgate Ponds, Millfield-Lane.

4. Wooded Dells, East Park Estate.

5. Old Tree in the East Park Estate.

6. Stile in Parliament Hill Fields.

7. View towards the Vale of Health, from the late Brickfields.

8. View of Highgate and Caen Wood from East Park Estate.

THUN.

Thun is just the place for anyone who, tired of the noise and racket of London life, seeks simplicity and the calm enjoyment of beautiful walks amidst the most delightful scenery. Of course it does not boast the rugged grandeur of glaciers and snow-capped mountains, such as we meet with more in the heart of Switzerland; but in its quiet beauty of river, lake, and wooded hills, with the loftier heights of the Eiger, the Mönch, and the Jungfrau in the distance, it is not to be surpassed.

The little town itself is charmingly situated on the river Aare, about three-quarters of a mile from the point where it issues from the Lake of Thun, and is quite a typical Swiss town. Many of the houses are very old, for the most part built of wood, and often curiously carved, with great overhanging eaves, high gables, and queer-shaped roofs of many-coloured tiles and numerous pinnacles. There are two or three quaint old covered wooden bridges across the river, which is extremely rapid and of the deepest blue-green hue; it is said, too, that its waters are excessively cold, but of this I cannot speak from experience.

The main street of Thun is very curious. No two houses in it are alike, and the effect of the different styles, fancifully adorned fronts, and diversity of colouring, is most picturesque. A row of shops, generally rather inferior ones, or such as are used for the sale of very homely articles, project in front of the houses on the ground-floor, the footway being made over their flat roofs, and in front of the better class of shops. An arcade, such as is often met with in old Swiss and German towns, extends part of the way above this footpath. I constantly found myself descending into the roadway in order to have a good look at the lower shops, many of which contained a great deal of copper-ware, some of the vessels being made in shapes quite strange to our eyes, while in others were odd-looking tubs and wooden utensils of every description, homespun linens, &c., all interesting to a stranger's eye. This walking in the roadway is, however, not always pleasant, as it is not very broad, and though the amount of traffic is not very great, some of the vehicles are extremely clumsy and unwieldy, and the driving is most promiscuous, so that I had to keep a pretty sharp look out.

Thun, for the most part, is built on the steep side of a hill; the church, the schools, and many of the houses being at a very considerable height above the river. It is, in fact, quite a pilgrimage up to the church, the usual way of reaching it being up a flight of between two and three hundred wooden steps, roofed in almost to the top, and forming a most quaint and curious approach. The last part of the ascent is made by a flight of stone steps between walls with gardens on the other side, and when I was there some vegetable-marrow plants had been trained across from side to side, and formed quite a pretty green bower, while huge yellow marrows hung down over the heads of the passers-by. Hung, I say—but one came down on the steps with a crash the instant after I had passed, and its size and weight were quite enough to make me thankful it did not come down upon my head. The result, if nothing worse, must have been a headache for the rest of that day.

A little turret is built out at each corner of the churchyard, each commanding a most exquisite view of the lovely valley (the Aare here divides itself into two branches), with the impetuous river hurrying along through the most verdant meadows, the wooded sides of the Stockhorn, the sterner Niesen, the triple peaks of the Blümlis-alp, and the distant snow-capped Jungfrau; or, again, of the quaint-looking town below us, the castellated villas in their beautiful gardens that seemed to rise out of the water, and, a little further on, the glittering lake shut in by lofty mountains. All this makes a veritable feast for the eyes that one would never tire of. The curious old square tower with a pinnacled turret at each corner—part of the former castle of Zähringen-Thyburg—stands a little higher up than the church, the views from it being almost identical with those just described.

Thun seems a very busy little place. One of its principal trades consists of porcelain, the manufacture of which is carried on at Heimburg, a village a little way out of the town. I paid a visit to these porcelain works, and was much interested in what I saw. The pottery is made by men, who also attend to the baking of it; but almost the whole of the painting, and of the fine stencil-work one sees on much of it, is the work of girls, who execute the designs entirely according to their own fancy. The "Thun ware," as it is called, is of several kinds: some, very fine, and of exquisite shades of colour, and with a dull surface, is considered the best, and is fashioned into elegant vases of classical shapes; another sort, the ground of which is often black, while the embossed pattern upon it is painted in bright tints of blue, red, and yellow, is made upon the models of vessels found by Dr. Schliemann in his recent excavations; while a third, less costly kind, is generally glazed on the surface.

Coppersmiths and bellfounders also form an important part of the manufacturing population of Thun. Bells of every description, from the weighty and sonorous church-bell to the tiny tinkling things which the Swiss are so fond of placing about their harness, are made here; and we were told that cow-bells, as well as bells for sheep and goats, so universally hung round the necks of all these animals in Switzerland, are made in greater numbers at Thun than in any other place; while large quantities of them are yearly exported to America and several other countries.

Thun is also the great market for the Gruyère cheeses, which are chiefly made in the neighbouring "Simmenthal," and hundreds of which are brought to the great cheese fair held there from time to time. One of these fairs took place while I was there. It was amusing to see the rough-and-ready way in which the cheeses, varying in size from the circumference of a moderate-sized cart-wheel to that of an infant's perambulator, were brought into the town on the rude waggons of the country, generally drawn by oxen, and then rolled and tumbled about like so many logs of wood, till they are placed on open stalls along the street. Of course, intending purchasers were freely invited to taste of these, as well as of the various other sorts of cheeses (some of very decided aroma, to say the least of it!) displayed, while the vendors tried to outdo one another in shouting the praises of their own especial dairy. The Gruyère cheeses are not, as is generally supposed in England, made entirely of goats' milk—the best, at least, being composed of a mixture of goats' and cows' milk. Many of them are made during the short summer when the flocks and herds are grazing on the "Sennen," or heights, whence the cheeses are brought down to the valleys on the backs of stalwart young men, as is shown in our illustration. The frame in which the cheese is placed resembles a glazier's frame somewhat, though much narrower, and is fastened by straps round the shoulders. A portion of the woman's head-dress is made of black lace or gauze, stiffened, and in some instances even held up by wires. It is attached to the back part of the head-gear.

There are charming drives to be had around Thun, and, for those who do not mind going uphill, most delightful walks.

I must content myself with mentioning one or two of the latter only.

An instinctive feeling always leads me to try and get high up wherever I am, and this had already induced me to establish myself at a nice, quiet hotel a good way up the hill-side, whence I could overlook the town. Still, I wanted to get higher; so, on starting out for my first walk, I naturally turned my face upwards.

The path led at first past two or three pretty little villas, just then the abode of English residents, and on by cosy-looking chalets, inhabited by well-to-do peasants, standing in gardens gay with bright autumn flowers of every hue, foremost among them being zinnias and asters of various shades, and shaded by pear and walnut trees bowed down with their load of fruit. The stillness was broken only by the hum of innumerable bees that were busy among the heather and wild thyme at my feet, varied by the occasional chirp of a grasshopper or the buzz of mosquitoes. It was very hot, and I was not sorry when I reached the shade of the beech and pine woods which clothe the Grösisberg. Here it was cooler, and I wandered up and up, stopping ever and anon to contemplate the exquisite views that continually presented themselves at some opening made at a salient point, till I reached the Rabenfluh, nearly 4000 ft. above the lake. This spot commands a wide prospect of the rich, fertile valley nearly as far as Berne, in the one direction, of the lake of Thun, backed by the Stockhorn, the Niesen, Blümlis-alp, and the far-away Jungfrau in the other.

Having rested a while and enjoyed to the full the beauty of the scenery, I set out on my return, which was more easily accomplished than the ascent had been. I followed the path by which I had gone up till I reached a sign-post with "Kohlerenschlucht" on it, and as I thought "schlucht" (or ravine) sounded promising, I took the direction in which it pointed.

Descending rapidly, the path now led through a lovely wood carpeted with the softest mosses of many sorts, into which my foot sank at every step, while on all sides were ferns of most luxuriant growth, among which the English maiden-hair and the Asplenium Rathammaria were conspicuous. Fungi, too, abounded, some of them of very curious shapes, and nearly all of brilliant hues. Tiny rills and miniature cascades, clear as crystal and cold as ice, came tumbling over



the rocks at every turn, all hurrying down to join their waters with those of the Hünibach, a small mountain stream, which here forces its way through a deep, rocky ravine, where it makes several waterfalls, one or two of them of considerable height and volume. One, the largest, if I remember rightly, was very picturesque, and seemed to have taken the form of a huge ostrich-feather. Following the course of this stream, which I crossed and recrossed by little rustic bridges, and passing by three or four poor cottages on its very brink, I soon came to the hamlet of Kohleren, and found myself on the Goldiwyl road, within a couple of miles of Thun. This road, running parallel with the Aare, from which it is only separated by the width of a meadow, is pleasantly shaded by great walnut-trees, now laden with fruit; while the pastures on the other side were thickly sprinkled with autumn crocuses. As I neared the town my attention was drawn to two or three of the handsomest wooden houses I have seen in Switzerland. Both the colour of the wood and the richness of the carving were very remarkable, and one or two had not merely a motto, which is often seen on the front of Swiss dwellings, but a whole poem, or several verses of a psalm, cut in large letters on them—words expressing some patriotic or, still more often, some pious sentiment.

Space forbids, or I should tell of other delightful walks I took in this pretty neighbourhood, the remembrance of which must ever be of the pleasantest.

L. T. M.

The Duke of Westminster has been appointed Lord Lieutenant of the newly-created county of London.

An exhibition of Elizabethan relics connected with the Armada Tercentenary is held in the Grand Saloon of Drury-Lane Theatre. It was opened by the Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham.

At an influential meeting held at Plymouth it was determined to invite the Royal Agricultural Society to hold its annual meeting in 1890 in that town, and upwards of £2000 was subscribed in the room.

The Hon. W. H. B. Portman on Oct. 25 opened the Victoria Jubilee Nursing Institute, which has been erected and endowed at Taunton, at a cost of £10,000. The institute adjoins the Taunton and Somerset Hospital, which was erected as a memorial of the Jubilee of George III. The scheme of enlarging the usefulness of this institution has been promoted by Dr. Edward Liddon; and on an appeal being made for subscriptions, an anonymous donor gave £5000. The whole of the sum desired has been raised. The architect was Mr. Houghton Spencer, of Taunton.

THE EXTENSION OF HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

All Londoners may congratulate themselves on the completion of a business which has, during three or four years past, engaged the active efforts of many public-spirited persons, and which has been brought to a successful result, securing in perpetuity for the enjoyment and recreation of the people a large addition to the open ground of Hampstead Heath, under the official care of the Metropolitan Board of Works, in future of the new London County Council. It may indeed be considered that this addition was necessary to preserve the advantages hitherto derived from the common use of the East Heath, the part extending from near the railway-station at South-End-green to the Vale of Health and the Spaniards Road.

That portion of the heath, which is frequented more than any other by holiday folk of the working classes, fronts towards Highgate a beautiful rising ground, known as the Parliament Hill Fields, with the noble woods of Lord Mansfield's park to the left hand, and to the right hand an elevated knoll, commanding a vast panoramic view which embraces nearly the whole of London, with the Surrey Downs, Shooter's Hill in Kent, and the hills in Essex beyond Walthamstow and Wanstead closing the prospect. The nearer views from the Parliament Hill Fields are certainly more beautiful than any others within ten miles of London. There is Cacton or Ken Wood, the park of Lord Mansfield, covering a long ridge of high ground with a thick belt of magnificent foliage; there is the open eastern side of the picturesque little town of Hampstead, ascending the brow of the East Heath to the Flagstaff summit near Jack Straw's Castle, below which, in a deep grassy hollow, the quaint hamlet called "The Vale of Health" is marked by a tall castellated building, which was designed for a grand hotel, and the upper part of which has an imposing effect. But the most delightful view is across the Highgate Ponds, and over the still rural hedges of Millfield-lane, to the West Hill of Highgate, which from Swain's-lane, the quiet, tree-shaded avenue to Highgate Cemetery, rises steeply to the summit crowned by Highgate Church, and is clothed with foliage by Holly Lodge Park, the residence of Lady Burdett Coutts, and by the groves and shrubberies of the villas in Fitzroy Park. The purchase from Lord Mansfield of these Parliament Hill fields, with the remnant of the Gospel Oak fields, a lower piece of level ground adjacent to the railway, admirably suitable for cricket, football, and lawn-tennis, is an acquisition of the greatest value. They would otherwise, probably, at no distant time, have been covered with houses, like all the land between Kentish Town and Holloway, which we can remember to have been open fields. The enormous increase of population in these districts of North London which are not within an easy distance either of Regent's Park or of Finsbury Park, makes the opening of the Parliament Hill fields an event likely to contribute to the health and happiness of vast numbers of families; we have only now to urge that those fields should be rendered more accessible, from Kentish Town, by constructing an inexpensive foot-bridge over the North London Railway near the Gospel Oak Station, to save walking nearly a mile round.

It has been observed, however, that the hitherto existing attractions of the East Heath at Hampstead, to which we now return, would have been liable to entire destruction, if the recent extension had not been effected at the present time. This can be readily explained with a little attention to the topography. The lower edge of the East Heath is bounded for the most part by a deep ravine, anciently the channel of a stream of which the water is now collected in the Hampstead Ponds. On the opposite bank of this ravine, almost the entire slope of the rising ground, up to the Parliament Hill Fields, forms the East Park estate, part of the large Hampstead property of Sir Spencer Maryon Wilson. Many years ago, in the time of his predecessor, Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, there was a plan of building houses along the whole length of this strip of land; a terrace road, now abandoned and grass-grown, was made ready to be lined with rows of trim villas, which would have completely shut out every view of rural nature from that side of Hampstead Heath. This plan was happily not carried into effect; but a large portion of the ground, as it consisted of good brick-clay, was leased to a brick-maker, who held it until about two years ago, and by whom it was cut down, chopped, and carved in a manner utterly destructive of its natural form, which was that of a hill gracefully swelling with a fine outline, while the very pretty avenue of trees, at the public footpath from Hampstead to Highgate, was ruthlessly despoiled. The mischief can never be repaired; but since the East Park estate, as well as the Parliament Hill Fields, is now purchased on public account, and the ugly traces of clay-cutting and brick-making may be partly veiled by the springing-up of wild grass and brambles, we hope that in time a rough natural thicket will hide the unsightly disfigurement of the once beautiful hillside. If trees were planted there which would grow to a large size, flourishing as they would do in that sheltered situation, our children or grandchildren would find it a charming strip of woodland; but we do not expect that the Metropolitan Board of Works—beg pardon, the London County Council—will go to such an expense. At any rate, the ground is saved from the house-builders, to whom it was actually offered for sale last year or the year before; and this means no less than the saving of Hampstead East Heath from the deprivation of any natural pleasantness that it has been deemed to possess. It was bad enough, in years long past, to have allowed the erection of the South Hill Park houses at one end, and of the misplaced cluster of odd buildings in the Vale of Health, at the other, by which the eastward view is fatally interrupted, and the succession of soft landscape outlines, that charmed the eye of many a poet and many an artist, has been irretrievably spoilt.

To the north-west of the land called the East Park estate, adjacent to that romantic side-path, overhung by trees, which descends skirting the edge of the heath, from the corner by "The Elms," not far from Erskine House in the Spaniards Road, another piece of land, in itself perhaps the most beautiful, has been obtained by the recent arrangements. It is of small extent, but the intimate charm of its scenery, which is due to the meadow-ground falling into dells and sequestered hollows, adorned with various clumps of trees, has remained intact; few public or private parks can boast of a lovelier spot. This ground has never been accessible to unprivileged feet, but it could be admired by looking over the fence. Our Artist, Mr. W. H. J. Boot, a resident at Hampstead, has devoted to its features a due share of his attention, while he has, in other Sketches, delineated the lesser bridge in the East Park estate; the view from the bottom of the East Heath looking towards Highgate; the familiar stile at the entrance to the Parliament Hill Fields; and the view of Parliament Hill from the Highgate Ponds, close to Millfield-lane, looking in the south-west direction. The opposite spires of Highgate and of Christ Church, Hampstead, are seen, rising amidst trees, from one point of view on the East Park estate. Those well acquainted with the neighbourhood will anticipate our admission that these Sketches do not comprise all that has been won for public pleasure; but we may take another opportunity of showing what London has gained by the Hampstead Heath Extension.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated March 17, 1883), with three codicils (dated Feb. 20, 1886; May 19, 1887; and Feb. 24, 1888), of Mr. Richard Elliston Phillips Balston, late of Thornhills, Maidstone, who died on Sept. 22 last, was proved on Oct. 19 by Thomas Balston (the brother), Richard James Balston (the son), and Robert Lake Cobb, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £313,000. The testator gives and devises his piece of land in Gladstone-road, Maidstone, upon trust, either to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in or towards the payment or endowment of the Vicar or perpetual Curate of St. Paul's, Maidstone; or for the erection of a church, chapel, or elementary schools; £3000 to the Vicar and churchwardens of St. Paul's, Maidstone, upon trust, to pay the income to the Vicar for his own use; and £2000 Three per Cent Consolidated Stock to the said Vicar and churchwardens, upon trust, to apply the income in or towards payment of the stipend of a second Curate, and when there is no such second Curate, for the good of the poor. The goodwill, machinery, and capital of his business of a paper maker at Springfield, together with the mills, warehouses, dwelling-houses, and lands he leaves to his son, Richard James Balston, but charged with the payment of an annuity of £4000 for his son William Edward Balston. He devises his two messuages at Thornhills, with the gardens and premises, to his daughter, Mary Mansfield Balston, and also bequeaths to her his plate, glass, furniture, pictures, carriages and horses; £500 to his niece, Mary Mansfield; £1000 to his god-daughter, Mary Mansfield Cobb; £1000 to Edward Prentice; £150 to each executor, and other legacies to friends and servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one third each to his son William Edward and his daughters Mary Mansfield and Mrs. Catherine Letitia Whitehead.

The will (dated June 18, 1879) of Mr. Robert Roskell, late of Park House, Fulham, and New Bond-street, one of the firm of Hunt and Roskell, jewellers, who died on July 22 last, was proved on Oct. 24 by Allan Roskell and Charles John Roskell, the sons, and Philip Witham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £277,000. The testator, under certain covenants contained in two indentures of settlement, gives £10,000 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his son Nicholas Robert Roskell; £7500 to the trustees of the marriage settlement of his daughter Mary, Lady Codrington; £5000 each to his sons, Charles John, Nicholas Robert, and Richard; £10,000, upon trust, for his son Charles, and then to his children; £15,000, upon like trusts, for his son Nicholas Robert; £7500 to his daughter, Lady Codrington, for life, and then to her children; £10,000, upon trust, for his grandson, William Robert Codrington; £500 and an annuity of £1000, and the use, for life, of his house, furniture, horses, &c., to his wife, Mrs. Mary Roskell; £200 each to his nephews, John and James Kendal; and legacies to servants and executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his sons Nicholas Charles and Allan, in equal shares, for their respective lives, and then for their children.

Letters of Administration of the personal estate of Miss Mary Catherine Ann Myers, late of No. 4, Tilney-street, Park-lane, who died on Sept. 24 last, a spinster, without parent, brother or sister, uncle or aunt, nephew or niece, and intestate, were on Oct. 15 granted to the Most Hon. William, Marquis of Abergavenny, K.G., of Eridge Castle, Frant, Sussex, the lawful cousin-german, and one of the next-of-kin, the value thereof amounting to upwards of £169,416.

The will (dated Aug. 6, 1885) of Miss Emily Coates, late of Upper Terrace Lodge, Hampstead, who died, on Sept. 26, at Looe, Cornwall, was proved on Oct. 22, by Miss Marian Julia James, the sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £83,000. The testatrix bequeaths £2000 each to her cousins, Mrs. Flora Elizabeth Robinson and Mrs. Eleanor Kathrine Miller; £500 to the London Domestic Mission Society, having stations at Spitalfields and St. Luke's; and £200 to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her friend, Miss Marian Julia James, for her own use and benefit.

The will (dated March 6, 1888), with a codicil (dated March 13, 1888), of Mr. Thomas Holt, formerly of New South Wales, and a member of the Legislative Council of that colony, but late of Halcot, Bexley, who died on Sept. 6, was proved on Oct. 19 by Mrs. Sophia Johanna Charlotte Holt, the widow, Joseph Edwin Crawford Munro, and Alice Sophia Ellen Holt, Annie Isabella Holt, and Emmeline Augusta Holt, the daughters, the executors. The value of the personal estate in England exceeds £37,000, the bulk of the testator's property being in Australia. The testator bequeaths £1500 and the use of his house and furniture, an annuity of £150 for life, two annuities of £850 and £2500 during widowhood only, and a further annuity of £150 in the event of her marrying again, to his wife, Mrs. Sophia Johanna Charlotte Holt; £10,000 each to his daughters Alice Sophia Ellen, Annie Isabella, and Emmeline Augusta; and legacies to his executors. He gives and devises his estate called "Arthursleigh," in Australia, to his son Arthur William for life, with remainder over to his first and other sons in seniority in tail male; his estate called "Sutherland" to his son Frederick Samuel Ellis, with a like remainder; and his "Pitt-street Property," Sydney, between his three sons and three daughters, in equal shares; but these devises are conditional upon the payment of part of the annuities to his wife. The residue of his property, both in England and Australia, he leaves between his three sons, in equal shares.

The will (dated Feb. 28, 1871), with two codicils (dated Feb. 28, 1871, and July 7, 1882), of Mrs. Harriet Langford Cotton, late of The Convent, Kingsgate, Isle of Thanet, Kent, who died on Sept. 21, was proved on Oct. 19 by Thomas William Oliver, R.N., the nephew, Alexander Forbes Tweedie, and Richard Walter Tweedie, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £29,000. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to her sister, Mrs. Charlotte King; £1000 to Henry Oliver; £7000, upon trust, for Thomas Langford Oliver, for life, and then to his children; her leasehold estate at Kensington to Henry Horace Powell Cotton; £50 each to the poor of the parish of St. Peter's, Isle of Thanet, and the parish schools; £25 for the schools at Broadstairs under the superintendence of the Vicar; 200 guineas to each of her executors; and numerous other legacies to relatives and servants. The residue of her property she leaves to her nephew, Thomas William Oliver, absolutely.

The Scotch Confirmation, under the seal of the Commissariat of Selkirk, of the trust, disposition, and settlement (dated Feb. 13, 1885) of Mr. James Johnstone, J.P., D.L., M.P. for the county of Clackmannan from 1851 to 1857, late of Alva, Stirling, and Hangingshaw, Selkirk, who died on Feb. 24, granted to Fletcher Norton Menzies and Robert Blackford Mansfield, the accepting executors nominate, was sealed in London on Oct. 17, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland exceeding £7000.

The Newark Town Council have elected Mr. F. B. Footitt, solicitor, as Coroner for the borough in place of Mr. W. Wallis, solicitor, who has mysteriously disappeared from Newark.

CHESS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

W H HAYTON.—No, one solution is enough; but the discovery of others, when they exist, shows more careful analysis of the position.

C W W (Plymouth).—Thanks for game, which shall have attention.

Mrs W J BAIRD.—Your inference is wrong, but your judgment is right. The earlier problem was not published on account of the "glut" of two-move problems from which we suffer; but, as your turn comes next, we will print the one now sent, which we certainly like better.

B W LA MOTHE (New York).—Thanks. We attach no importance to the flaw you mention, and think the position a very good one.

W PARSONS.—The manner is correct; the matter, unfortunately, possesses no strategic interest.

G P NICOLET, C E P, AND OTHERS.—Q to B 4th will not solve No. 2323. P to K 3rd is sufficient answer for Black.

PROBLEMS received with thanks from J W Pylas, W Gleave, Mrs W J Baird, and B W La Mothe.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2320 received from E J Bohnstedt; of No. 2321 from E J Bohnstedt, Blair H Cochrane, W Porter, and Annateurs of Wedde's Hotel; of No. 2322 from A J G: k p, P (The Hague), Charles Etherington, Joseph T Pullen, and W H Hayton; of No. 2323 from F C Cook (Reading), A W Hamilton Gell, and Annateurs of Wedde's Hotel.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2324 received from Annateurs of Wedde's Hotel, W J (Victoria), Howard A, Thomas Chown (Brighton), E Casella (Paris), Rev Winfield Cooper, E Lucas, A Newman, J D Tucker (Leeds), E G Boys, D McCoy (Galway), C E P, J Hare, Jupiter Junior, J Ross (Whitby), Peterhouse, Columbus, Shadforth, Percy Ewen, L Desanges, J Dixon (Colchester), E Phillips, A W Hamilton Gell, R Worts (Canterbury), G V Brentwood, E Field (Surrey), W R Hatfield, Penbrooke, Wilson (Grange-on-Sands), Martin, F Mrs Kelly, Dawn, Blair H Cochrane, Julia Short (Exeter), E J Winter Wood, J Hepworth Shaw, W S (Sheffield), T G (Ware), J T Pullen, R F N Banks, E London, J Thoms, J Gaskin, J J B (Hullbury) Dr P St, W H Hayton, G J Yeale, Dane John, F C Cook, T Roberts, and N. Gel.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2322.

WHITE.
1. P takes P
2. Q to K 2nd (ch)
3. P or Q mates accordingly.

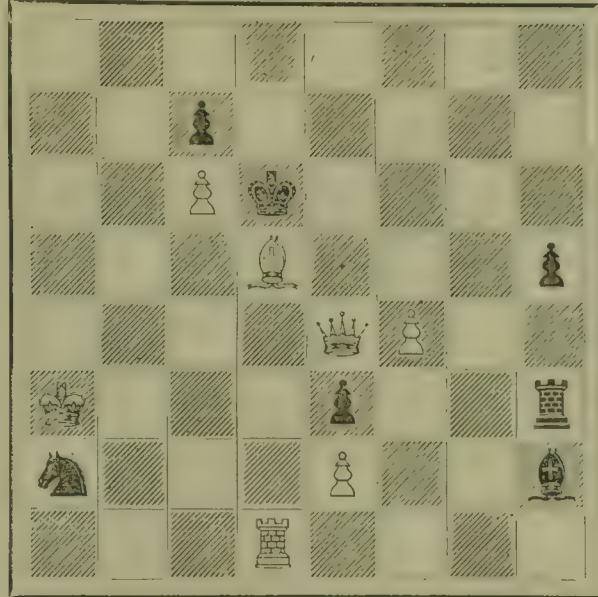
BLACK.
B to B 4th
K or Kt moves

If Black play 1. Kt to B 6th, then 2. Q takes B (ch); if 1. P to Q 3rd, then 2. Q to K 4th (ch); and if 1. Kt to B 5th, then 2. P takes Kt, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2326.

By J. PIERCE, M.A.

BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

An interesting game played in Mr. Fraser's Tourney, between Mr. J. H. BLAKE, of Southampton, and Mr. G. W. LENNOX, of Cardiff. Notes by Mr. Fraser.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. B.) BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to B 3rd Q Kt to B 3rd
3. P to Q 4th P takes P
4. Kt takes P B to Q 4th
5. B to K 3rd Q to B 3rd
6. P to Q 3rd K Kt to K 2nd
7. Q to Q 2nd P to Q 3rd
8. P to K B 4th P to Q 3rd
9. Q to K B 2nd B to Q 2nd
10. Q to B 2nd Castles (Q R)
11. B to K 2nd
12. Kt to Q 2nd B takes B
13. Kt takes B P to K Kt 4th
14. P to B 5th Kt to K 4th
15. Castles (Q R) B to R 5th
16. Q R to K sq P to Q 4th

Black may also Castle here with perfect safety.

The usual reply is 10. B takes B, but the text move appears far preferable.

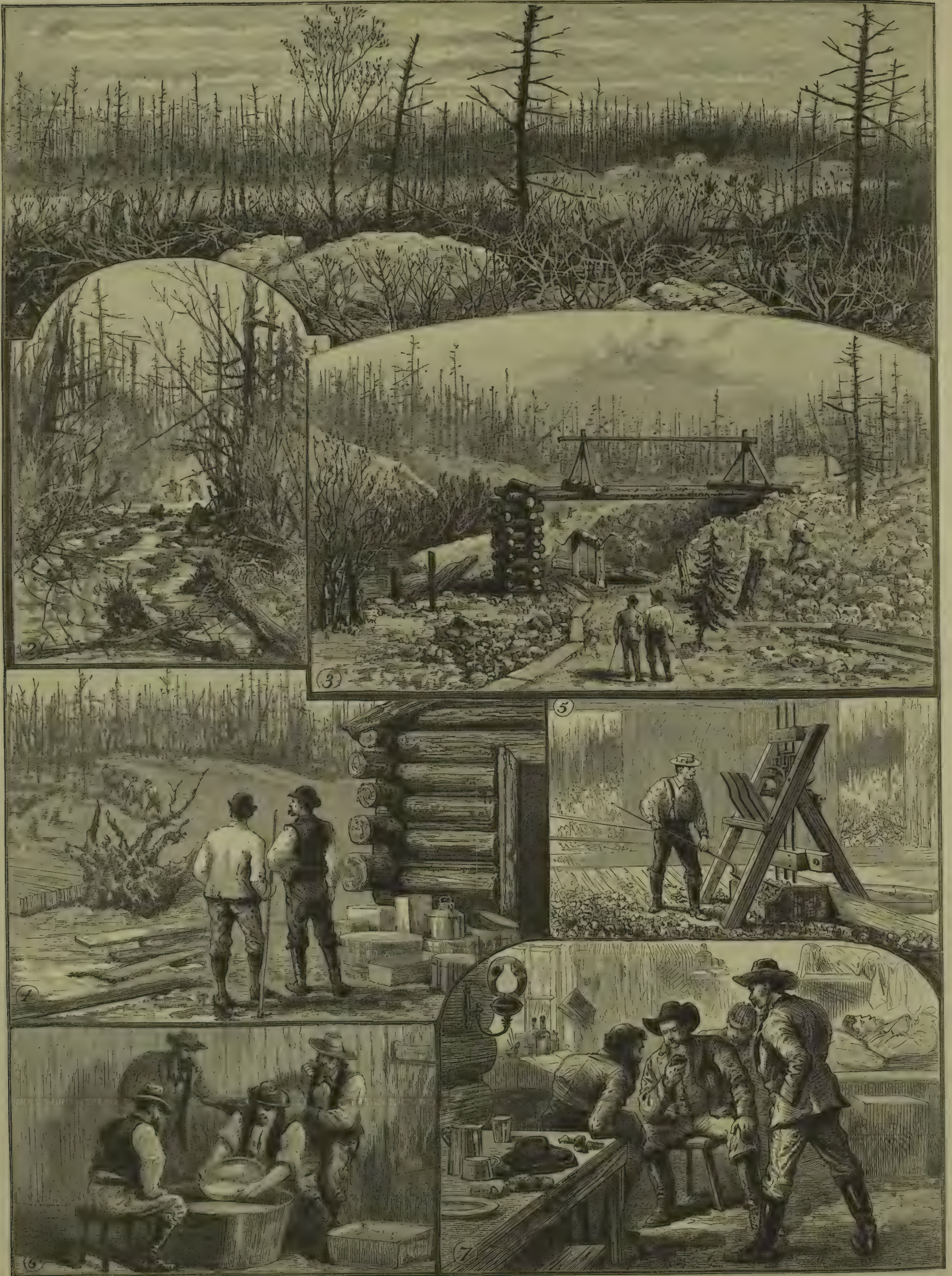
White obviously cannot, without disadvantage, play P to Q Kt 4th here.

11. B to K 4th
12. Kt to Q 2nd B takes B
13. Kt takes B P to K Kt 4th
14. P to B 5th Kt to K 4th
15. Castles (Q R) B to R 5th
16. Q R to K sq P to Q 4th

All this is played with great accuracy and vigour.

17. P takes P Kt takes Q P
18. Kt to K 4th

White originally purposed to exchange Knights here, but at the last moment departed from his intention. He would certainly have got a better game—e.g., 18. Kt takes Kt; 19. Kt takes Kt; 20. Kt to K 4th; 21. Q to R 3rd; 22. Kt to R 3rd; 23. Kt to R 3rd; 24. Kt to R 3rd; 25. Kt to R 3rd; 26. Kt to R 3rd; 27. Kt to R 3rd; 28. Kt to R 3rd; 29. Kt to R 3rd; 30. Kt to R 3rd; 31. Kt to R 3rd; 32. Kt to R 3rd; 33. Kt to R 3rd; 34. Kt to R 3rd; 35. Kt to R 3rd; 36. Kt to R 3rd; 37. Kt to R 3rd; 38. Kt to R 3rd; 39. Kt to R 3rd; 40. Kt to R 3rd; 41. Kt to R 3rd; 42. Kt to R 3rd; 43. Kt to R 3rd; 44. Kt to R 3rd; 45. Kt to R 3rd; 46. Kt to R 3rd; 47. Kt to R 3rd; 48. Kt to R 3rd; 49. Kt to R 3rd; 50. Kt to R 3rd; 51. Kt to R 3rd; 52. Kt to R 3rd; 53. Kt to R 3rd; 54. Kt to R 3rd; 55. Kt to R 3rd; 56. Kt to R 3rd; 57. Kt to R 3rd; 58. Kt to R 3rd; 59. Kt to R 3rd; 60. Kt to R 3rd; 61. Kt to R 3rd; 62. Kt to R 3rd; 63. Kt to R 3rd; 64. Kt to R 3rd; 65. Kt to R 3rd; 66. Kt to R 3rd; 67. 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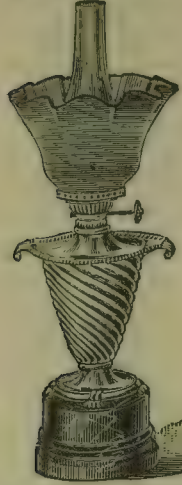


1. View of the Tough and Ranger Mine. 2. The Tamarac Swamp, on the Road to the Ranger Mine. 3. Entrance to the Shaft, Tough and Ranger Mine. 4. Mining Prospectors on their Journey. 5. Stamping-Mill for Crushing the Gold-bearing Quartz. 6. Washing and Testing the "Tailings." 7. Examining a Fine Nugget just found.

THE DENISON GOLD-MINES, NEAR ALGOMA, LAKE HURON, UPPER CANADA.

SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

MAPPIN & WEBB'S STERLING SILVER AND ELECTRO-SILVER PRESENTS.



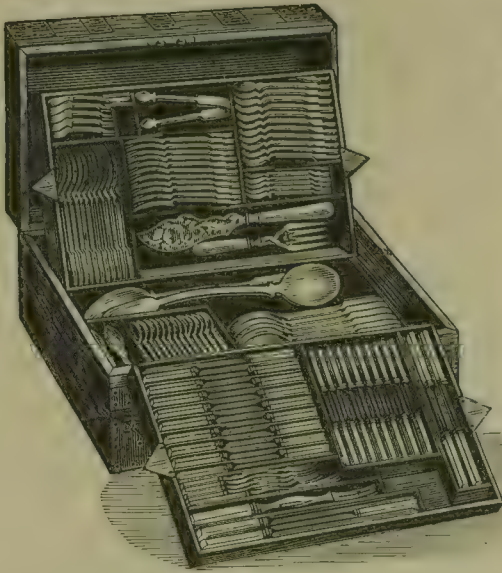
Fluted Solid Silver Table Lamp, on marble plinth, height, 16 in., £8 8s.



Candlesticks.
Electro. Silver.
9 in. £3 5 .. £8 0
10 in. 4 5 .. 13 15
11 in. 4 15 .. 14 15



Fluted Coffee Pot, with Ebony handle.
1 pint. 1 1/2 pint.
Solid Silver. £9 0 .. £10 10
Best Electro. 3 10 .. 4 0



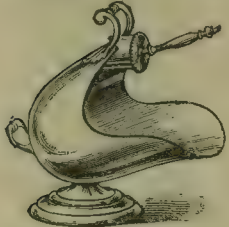
MAPPIN and WEBB'S fitted Plate Chests.
SPECIAL LISTS AND ESTIMATES FREE.



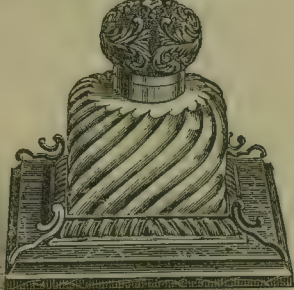
Electro-Silver Table Lamp.
10 in. high, 12s. 6d.



Electro-Silver on Nickel Breakfast Dish.
Converts into 3 dishes by simply removing the handle.



Regd. Scuttle Sugar Basin.
Solid Silver. £5 5
Best Electro. £1 5



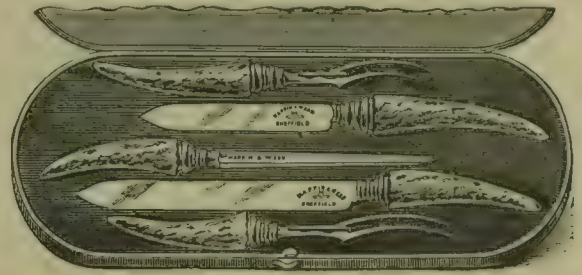
Cut-Glass Inkstand, Solid Silver
Mounts and Pen Rests,
richly chased.
Marble Base .. £5 15 0
Onyx Base .. 6 15 0



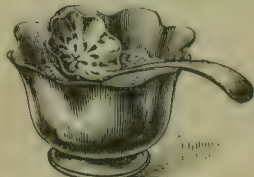
Full-Size Antique Fluted Tea and Coffee Set,
Sterling Silver .. £26 5s. Best Electro .. £9 10s.



Registered "Princess" Tea Service, with Two China Cups and Saucers,
Two Spoons, and Sugar Tongs.
Complete in Case, Sterling Silver, £11 11s. Best Electro-Silver, £5 5s.



Two pairs Stag-Handle Carvers and Steel, in Case, £1 16s.



Electro-Silver Sugar Bowl and Sifter, 18s.



Two crimped-edge Sterling Silver Salts and Spoons, in Morocco Case, £1 12s. 6d.



Chased Electro-Silver Table Lamp,
13 in. high, £1 10s.
Any colour Fancy Lace Shade, 6s. 6d.

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AUTUMN EXHIBITIONS.

The adjoining galleries of Mr. McLean and Messrs. Tooth, which, in friendly rivalry, usually open on the same day, have not, this year, departed from the time-honoured custom. As the managers of both galleries are recognised adepts in catering for the varying taste of the public, it is interesting to study their points of contact and divergence. Both galleries show a marked predominance of works by foreign artists. At Messrs. Tooth's, scarcely more than one third of the 150 exhibited works bear the names of English painters; whilst at Mr. McLean's smaller exhibition the disproportion is still greater. It may be said that British artists have elsewhere abundant opportunities of showing their work, and that they are satisfied with the publicity thus obtained; but it is worthy of notice that the two dealers who are regarded as the most experienced and astute in the trade should thus interpret public feeling in art.

Mr. McLean's *pièce de résistance* (he always has one, at least, in his bill-of-fare) is Mlle. Rosa Bonheur's latest work, "Pasture in the Pyrenees" (29), a mountain-top bright with Alpine roses, on which stands a magnificent rough-haired bull, surrounded by his somewhat numerous family of cows and calves. In her rendering of animals Rosa Bonheur stands almost alone amongst foreign artists, and it is enough to say that in the present work she shows no signs of failing powers; whilst in the distant landscape, fringed with snow-touched mountains, she strikes a note of poetry which has too often been absent from her powerful but somewhat prosaic inspirations. It is interesting to contrast Rosa Bonheur's work with that of another past master in the craft, E. Van Marcke, whose "Dutch Pasture Land" (17) is, in its treatment, as far removed from the French lady's as the Pyrenean mountains are from the polders of Holland. If there be those who prefer the realism of the latter, we can find no cause for quarrel, for Van Marcke, in his own line, is as distinctive and praiseworthy as Rosa Bonheur. Amongst the other foreign pictures, Julius Zuber's "In Love" (14) shows that the artist can do something besides Egyptian cafés, and can throw into Western life not a little of that mingled sentiment and humour which distinguished his studies in the streets of Cairo. Señor Barbudo's "First Communion" (16) ought to be studied in conjunction with Señor Gallegos' "Baptism," in Messrs. Tooth's exhibition; for both are the results of Fortuny's teaching or example. In both we have the same crowd of prelates, richly dressed men and women, with clouds of muslin floating in all directions, and in both we have the same minute study of details, the same carefully-finished backgrounds which destroy all sense of repose. From each of these pictures, at least three might be carved without violence to the whole; and we venture to think that in each case the sections would give a fairer idea of each artist's technical skill and sense of colour. Herr Neubert's "Approaching Storm" (33) and "A Fine Evening" (44) are very much like half-a-dozen other works he has produced every year for some time past. Herr Max Todt, Herr Poetzberger, and Mons. Clays are, as usual, distinguishable by careful work without much imagination.

Amongst the English artists Mr. J. B. Burgess's "Impertinent Students of Salamanca" (15) is a happy return to a style in which he earned his spurs many years ago; and although he may not hope to catch, like John Philip, the richer tones of Spanish colour, he has a keener sense of Spanish humour, which is not, even in these days, devoid of a certain stateliness. The fault of this picture, in our eyes, is the undue importance given to the brazier at which the girls are warming their feet. It occupies the centre of a rather large canvas, and draws away the eye from the laughing girls, the scandalised duenna, and the enterprising young students who have forced their way into the house. In Mr. J. W. Godward, whose single work at Burlington House last summer passed almost unnoticed, Mr. McLean has discovered an artist who has studied Alma Tadema to some purpose. In "The Tiff" (22) and in "Waiting for the Dance" (25) the painter's object has been apparently to show, in the first place, his delicate sense of colour—especially in the single figure of the standing girl; and secondly, his marvellous dexterity in reproducing Mr. Alma Tadema's rendering of marble, leopard's skin, and bronze-work. In time, we hope, Mr. Godward will trust a little more to his own imagination, and a little less to Mr. Tadema's; but meanwhile he will, doubtless, find considerable profit by bringing his work to this high level of technical skill. Mr. Burton Barber is never at a loss for a fresh combination of his chubby child and patient fox-terrier. The present arrangement, "Trying" (21), shows with what more-than-human sweetness the dog submits to be dressed in Dolly's clothes, and how thoroughly he seems to enter into the child's game without losing sense of his own dignity. He seems to wish to convey that he is quite aware that when he likes he can be a much better companion to the child than her doll or her nurse, or even her elder sister. Mr. Peter Graham's "Banks of a Scotch Loch" (11) is painted with his usual dash; but it is sad to find in L. B. Hurt's "Cloudy Day in Glen Sligachan" (39) a reproduction of so many of Mr. Graham's mannerisms with less of his skill.

In Messrs. Tooth's galleries the honours may be said to be more equally divided between our own and foreign artists—Frank Holl, L. Deutsch, and Dagnan-Bouveret. The now well-known picture, "Besieged" (124), by the first-named, was painted in the rare intervals of leisure he could snatch from

portrait-painting, and represents another episode in the "Idyll of Suffering," which he never lived to complete. The mother, whose husband is perhaps a prisoner in Germany, or fighting in the snow on the frontier, has just come back to her two children with a scanty scrap of food, and, sick with fear and apprehension at the prospect for the morrow, seems about to abandon as useless the struggle for life. M. Dagnan's "Pardon" (56) is a fine bit of realistic work, representing one of those quaint Breton customs, where men and women, old and young, make the circuit of the church or cloisters, sometimes on their knees imploring in a low melancholy dirge pardon for the faults of their seemingly unchequered lives. Herr Deutsch's "La Jeune Favorite" (90) is chiefly noteworthy for its subdued colour, and for the powerful painting of the four eunuchs in white dresses, who salute the new favourite as she enters the private apartments of her lord. The attendant, in yellow silk, who guards the doorway is also a clever bit of painting; whilst the almost childlike figure of the girl is not without a certain pathetic interest. Mr. L. Raven Hill is, if we mistake not, like Mr. Ridgway Knight, an American by birth and a French artist by education. Both of them are seen here to advantage, the former in "A Little Gipsy" (30), a child surrounded by fallen leaves, and the latter in his Salon work "Left in Charge" (118), a bit of Seine scenery soft and delicate in colour, though showing, perhaps, too much imitative work to attract sufficient notice from the Parisian public. M. Léon Lhermitte in "La Veillée" (129) shows a more joyous side of Breton life, and depicts the custom of many a village where the women, to save fire and light, assemble in one another's cottages to pass the long winter's evenings—spinning and winding their wool in merry companionship. Here, as at Mr. McLean's, are to be found specimens of Mr. Burton Barber's work "Mischief" (12), and of Mr. Godward's "Ianthé" (23), showing how both dealers recognise the current of popular taste. Of Señor Gallegos' "Baptism" (74) we have already spoken; but we may add that, in addition to many other points in common with Señor Barbudo's work, it would seem as if, in many cases, the same models had sat to both artists. In strong contrast with all this foreign work or work modified by foreign influence, are two pictures, "Sympathy" (64) and "Little Lord Fauntleroy" (122), by Mr. G. B. O'Neill, which seem to carry us back forty years in English art. Simple and direct in intention and treatment, they belong to a school of which we regret to see the almost total disappearance, even whilst admitting the progress our painters have made, and the good they have learned from their neighbours on all sides. Among the remaining works, which will repay an extra amount of attention, are Eugène De Blaas' "C'est lui" (1); Mr. David Farquharson's "Glen Muick" (4) and "Lochnagar" (104), a very remarkable bit of landscape; M. Julien Dupré's "Hay-time" (44); Charles Meissonier's "Improvisatore" (95), in reality a man with a hurdy-gurdy; Mr. John Philip's "New Ballad" (117), painted in 1863; and several typical works by Mauve, Artz, Israels, amongst the foreigners; and by Messrs. Leader, T. Collier, and Heywood Hardy amongst our own fellow-countrymen.

DUAL NOVEMBER.

November has a twin aspect of which each phase is utterly unlike. Hence comes the complete dissimilarity, not to be found of any other month in the year, which exists between the portraiture of November by the urban and rural pen respectively. In description, a London November is usually found as a clear proof of the conventional Frenchman's supposed idea of the month as one promoting general suicide from Waterloo Bridge. And it must be confessed that even the most determined lover of the sweet shady side of Pall-mall, who contemns all rural dwellers as

Crawling from window to window to see.
A goose on a common, a crow on a tree,

finds his admiration of town much strained when subjected to the test of this particular month. The too common experience of fog, thick, nauseous, and gloomy, which insinuates itself everywhere in combination with slushy, greasy, gloomy streets, which even when the early lamps are lighted merely gains a twinkle of light here and there through the mephitic vapour wreaths of "London particular," the rasping air and biting wind, the general chilliness, dampness, darkness, and ill-temper; the constant performances among all one's friends and acquaintances on "the light catarrh"; the short days and long nights, when the enterprising burglar once more demonstrates how admirable is our system of allowing the night police to announce their progress half a mile off by the regulation boots: the whole aspect of London under a vast canopy of foul-smelling fog, which fills the most carefully warmed room in a most insinuating but effective manner—all these things make a picture of the month which too frequently proves the correctness of Hood's famous lines on November.

And as such is the experience of the town writer, what wonder that in the list of months this one has achieved a reputation of the gloomiest? Can anything be found attractive in its name? may well be asked. Yet, on the same day and within half an hour, you shall see the dual aspect in brilliant contrast—the self-same day, which lours so grimly and depressingly over London, shall, within a few miles out of the metropolitan boundaries, be a picture which is full of charms. Take the train, and run a few miles in whichever direction

you will out of town limits—start from the farthest suburb to the edge of the nearest really rural district—why it is like the pantomime transformation from the Cave of Dullness to the Realm of Sunshine! Behind lies London, as you gaze, a blurred, huge mass seen through a grimiest robe of foul black or yellow vapour, with fantastic images here and there, magnified through the fog. You are but a few miles out, yet round you is the other aspect of the month—the rural November. Bare and leafless, indeed, are the trees; but behind them is a background of azure sky, and through their interlacing tracery of boughs the winter sun gleams on every twig. "The air bites shrewdly," it is true; but the clammy rawness of the mephitic fog you have left behind; the keenness is bracing, and the blood circulates anew under it. Look round, and confess that the most inveterate prejudices which have been fostered by town-limners of the month must melt before the scene. Glance at the cottages where some hardy flowers still brave the winter, and notice how rich and beautiful in tint, from bright to dark green and deep crimson, is the Virginia creeper, which so generally clusters round the wall, and enwreathes door and window. Is there woodland near? It is likely the woodman's axe is heard; for the felling of timber, copse, and underwood, is part of the work of the time. In the bare brown fields where the wild November partridges, splendid in condition, where you can get a shot, whirr up a hundred yards before the gun, the clink of the plough-horses' harness is heard, and the hovering cloud of rooks, with, perhaps, a bevy of sea-gulls from the nearest coast mingling with them, attests the progress of the plough. In the turnip-fields, kept for the purpose, the sheep penned in are feeding, and the cattle stand in the straw-yards lazily munching from the troughs. Cold though the sweeping winds that scatter the carpet of leaves lying thick in the copses and ditches, the sun is gleaming, the air is clear, and all the sights and sounds of active, rural life are in full evidence around, while the workers feel none of the sickly depression which characterises those of London who are breathing, coughing, and sneezing fog in every direction. In some places, where apples and pears abound, the cider-press is at work on the inclosed green in front of the farm-house; while, where the root-crops are ample and valuable—and stock-raising *vice* wheat-raising makes them annually more so—the harvesting of swedes and mangolds is busily going on. Be the air keen—"a nipping and an eager air"—yet all is blithe activity. Yet you are only a few miles out of London, which this self-same morning is groaning gloomily against murky November.

Nor is it only in farm-life that the malignant month has its charms. The shooter ranges the fields pretty sure, if birds are scarce and wild, to have a chance of finding a woodcock, and certainly snipe; while if pools or streams lie in his way it is even betting that some scattered individuals of the duck race will rise with heart-stirring quack and flapping of wings to dart swift as an arrow upwind, presenting as thrilling a target for the chokebore as can well be wished. Of horse and hound we say nothing, for who knows not the exciting glimpse in the course of a brisk November walk of pink as the field stream away in the distance, and the maddening music of the pack as they flash across the fallows, the woodlands echoing their cry! To the honest angler, who thinks Izaak Walton greatest of English men, the month has its own particular charm, for it is the special feeding time of the pike—"the tyrant of the watery main"—who finds his appetite keen in proportion to the air, and trolling or spinning, despite wet lines and freezing fingers, is at its best in this month. Wild as is the aspect of the month, with winds roaring many a time and oft through the woods, while leaves fly in clouds and twigs fall in crowds—was not the greatest storm ever known in England that tremendous one of Nov. 27, 1703, when in Kent alone 250,000 trees were blown down?—wild, we say, as sometimes the aspects of the month, the wayfarer who has eyes, and uses them, often sees sights not seen in tamer times. High aloft, for instance, if you be near the sea, may you now and again hear the echoing "hank, hank!"—wild trumpet-cry of the wild geese—and see that curious wedge-formation of theirs as they cleave the air with their strong pinions. Far oftener will you behold the Indian file of the wild ducks going at express speed, or, turning by some field, start a huge bevy of fieldfares or a vast cloud of starlings, which wheel and turn like an animated sheet of glossy feathers. In the woodlands you shall see the stock-dove, far rarer and less known than the ordinary wood-pigeon, which arrives this month from more northern regions, being one of the latest birds of passage. And in the fields, if haply you be not above studying the ground beneath your feet, you shall see one of the most curious of sights if investigation of a specimen be made—a mole's nest. The moles this month make the nests in which they intend to pass the winter and in the spring to deposit their young; they are of larger size than the ordinary mole-hill, and lined with grass and leaves. But this is only one of the interesting things which make the "harvest of a quiet eye," and prove how much there is to charm in the rural phase of the aspect of November.

F. G. W.

Earl Dudley (with the Countess, his mother) paid a visit to Worcester on Oct. 29 to receive an address from the Mayor and Corporation of that city on the attainment of his majority. The occasion was made a public holiday, the bells of the principal churches were rung, and flags floated in the chief streets.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS ON BOARD A CUNARDER FROM LIVERPOOL TO NEW YORK.

Of all the great Atlantic steam-ship lines the Cunard still stands without a rival in popularity. Its steamers are not only the fastest, but excel all in comfort and general attendance. Life on board one of these floating palaces is not, as some may suppose, one of dull routine, but full of incidents; acquaintances are quickly made, friendships are established of which many interesting tales are told in after years. A late United States Consul at one of the English ports relates the following:—"On my last voyage from England, on one of the Cunard steamers, I noticed one morning, after a few days out of port, a young man hobbling about on the upper deck, supported by crutches, and seeming to move with extreme difficulty and no little pain. He was well-dressed, and of exceedingly handsome countenance; but his limbs were emaciated and his face sallow, which bore traces of long suffering. As he seemed to have no attendant or companion, he at once attracted my sympathies, and I went up to him as he leaned against the taffrail looking out on the foaming track which the steamer was making. 'Excuse me, my young friend,' I said, touching him gently on the shoulder, 'you appear to be hardly able or strong enough to trust yourself unattended on an ocean voyage; but if you require any assistance I shall be glad to help you.' 'You are very kind,' he replied, in a weak voice, 'but I require no present aid beyond my crutches, which enable me to pass from my state-room up here to get the benefit of the sunshine and the sea breeze.' 'You have been a great sufferer, no doubt,' I said; 'and I judge that you have been afflicted with rheumatism, whose prevalence and intensity seem to be on an alarming increase both in England and America?' 'You are right,' he answered; 'I have been its victim for two years, and after failing to find relief from medical skill, have lately tried the springs of Carlsbad and Vichy; but they have done me no good, and I am now on my return home to Missouri to die, I suppose. I shall be content if life is spared me to reach my mother's presence. She is a widow, and I am her only child.' There was a pathos in this speech which affected me profoundly, and awakened in me a deeper sympathy than I had felt before. I had no words to answer him, and stood silently beside him, watching the snowy wake of the ship. While

thus standing, my thoughts reverted to a child—a ten-year old boy—of a neighbour of mine, residing near my Consulate residence, who had been cured of a stubborn case of rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, and I remembered the steward of the ship had told me the day before that he had cured himself of a very severe attack of the gout in New York, just before his last voyage, by the use of the remedy. I at once left my young friend and went below to find the steward. I not only found him off duty, but discovered that he had a bottle of the Oil in his locker, which he had carried across the ocean in case of another attack. He readily parted with it on my representation, and, hurrying up again, I soon persuaded the young man to allow me to take him to his berth and apply the remedy. After doing so, I covered him up snugly in bed, and requested him not to get up until I should see him again. That evening I returned to his state-room and found him sleeping peacefully and breathing gently. I roused him, and inquired how he felt. 'Like a new man,' he answered, with a grateful smile. 'I feel no pain, and am able to stretch my limbs without difficulty. I think I'll get up.' 'No, don't get up to-night,' I said; 'but let me rub you again with the Oil, and in the morning you will be much better able to go above.' I then applied the Oil, again rubbing his knees, ankles, and arms thoroughly, until he said he felt as if he had a mustard-poultice all over his body. I then left him. The next morning, when I went up on deck, I found my patient waiting for me with a smiling face, and without his crutches. I don't think I ever felt so happy in my life. To make a long story short, I attended him closely during the rest of our voyage—some four days—applying the Oil every night, and guarding him against too much exposure to the fresh and damp spring breezes; and on landing at New York he was able, without assistance, to mount the hotel omnibus and go to the Astor House. I called on him two days later, and found him actually engaged in packing his trunk, preparatory to starting for his home that evening. With a grateful smile he welcomed me, and pointing to a box carefully done up in thick brown paper, he said:—'That is a dozen bottles of St. Jacobs Oil, which I have just purchased from Hudnut, the chemist across the way, and I am taking them home to show my good mother what has saved her son's life and restored him to her in health. If you should ever visit Sedalia, in Missouri, I will show you a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enshrined in a silver and gold casket, which we shall keep as an ornament, as well as a memento of our meeting on the Cunard steamer.' We parted, after an hour's pleasant chat, with mutual goodwill and esteem, and a few weeks afterwards I received a letter from him telling me he was in perfect health, and containing many graceful expressions of his affectionate regards."

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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

The little season of London is beginning—that season which runs from about November to Easter, preceding the full season, between May and July. The parties of that winter *demi-saison* are often more interesting than those more formal ones which come in the busier time. They are less crowded, and the people who are there are more certain to know each other, because the country visitors who introduce such an element of novelty are not now in town; hence the winter parties are rather less ceremonious. It is not “good form” to stop very late at them. It is not “good form” to give a big supper or to have extensive decorations. Even at these parties, however, the amateur musician and entertainer is no longer considered sufficient. The days when the daughters of the house played their “pieces,” and their young lady friends, after much pressing, “obliged the company”; when Stokes, though dull and unimportant, was asked to endless parties because he sang a comic song, and Jenkins because he recited Owen Meredith and Browning—those days are over. Now, it may be little entertainment that is given to supplement the conversation; but what is provided must be good, and that usually means—professional. The problem for all hostesses is, therefore, how to get something fresh and something superior; and, for the poor or the mean ones amongst them, how to get that something cheaply. The professional musicians and readers frequently find it hard to avoid being almost forced to give their really valuable services for naught in society, and some of the richest people are the most stingy in this matter.

Mr. George Grossmith tells how he once met such an attempt on him from a very great lady. He was invited to dinner, and it was intimated by the gentleman bringing the invitation that he would be expected to sing afterwards; on which the artist mentioned his fee. “Oh, Lady Dash thought if you came to dinner you would not think of asking a fee!” said the emissary. Mr. Grossmith replied that he could not possibly eat and drink more than half-a-guinea’s worth, and that his fee was much more; but if the lady liked, that charge for his dinner might be deducted! Improving on this, an eminent pianist, who had dined out one evening last season, was met after dinner at the drawing-room door by his hostess, who said, graciously but firmly, pointing to the music-stool: “Now, your place is there!” The outraged German *maestro* forthwith fumbled a sovereign out of his vest-pocket, and declared, “I will pay for mine dinner.” The lady, of course, refusing to take the coin—though in principle she had demanded it—he trundled off down-stairs, seized his hat, and departed, handing the piece of gold, as he left, to the footman who opened the street-door. An eminent lady singer of my acquaintance has elevated her meek and obedient husband into the position of a dragon to guard her from such imposition. When her hostess says sweetly, “Oh! Madame So-and-So, will you oblige us with just one of your beautiful songs?” the prima-donna replies, “I should love to—I love singing in a drawing-room; but Mr. Smith would be so angry, he positively will not let me use my voice on my free nights!” Many good-natured professional artists still “oblige” under such circumstances; but when the host is a rich man, it is really discreditable for him to allow such a tax to be levied on a guest in return for his meat and drink.

A young lady whose semi-religious novels have been very successful in certain circles, has had to issue a

protest against the assumption of her pen-name by some impostor, who has been doing all manner of tricks under the designation of “Edna Lyall.” It may be some consolation to the young writer to reflect that in enduring this annoyance she is in first-rate company. When Harriet Martineau was at the height of her fame, a drunken woman used to give that name for hers when called on in the police-court to answer for her disorderliness. George Eliot’s earlier books were claimed by one Liggins, a Methodist parson; and an innocent country friend wrote, in all seriousness, to the real author about the characteristics of the sham one:—“A deputation of Dissenting ministers went over to ask him to write for the *Eclectic*, and they found him washing his slop-basin at the pump. . . . One of them said that he inspired them with a reverence that made any impertinent question impossible. He calls himself ‘George Eliot.’ It is strange to hear the *Westminster Review* doubting whether he is a woman, when here he is so well known!” A similar experience befell the Brontë sisters, who had to divest themselves of their pseudonymity as “The Brothers Bell” because a certain person stated that they were one, and that that one was a man. As to the impudent claims of impostors to have written poems which they have only copied out, the instances of that sort of trick are innumerable.

“The Life and Letters of Mrs. Shelley,” the wife of the famous poet, is a forthcoming work that promises to be of great interest. Shelley’s wife was the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. She was herself as clever and uncommon a woman as such a parentage should have made her. “Frankenstein,” her singular novel, has passed into a classical place in English literature. Her first connection with Shelley was not free from blame; but during her long life as his widow she held an unblemished position, and her son, Sir Percy Shelley, who has authorised and aided the writing of the “Life,” feels with all justice that by telling the truth about her he is rendering homage to the memory of a mother to whom he was devoted.

An effort is being made to induce some well-known ladies to stand for election to the London County Council. The effort seems to me futile, as it appears clear that women are excluded from seats in that body by the Act of Parliament, though female householders are entitled to vote at the elections. When the measure was passing through the House of Commons an appeal was made to me to raise the question of the eligibility of women for membership of the Councils, and I declined to trouble about it on the ground that women are evidently not ready yet for taking up such offices. The membership of the London School Board, which is open to women, is peculiarly a duty which many of them ought to undertake, for the sake of the girls in the schools and the female teachers. Yet, amongst all the women of means and leisure in London, scarcely any are found willing to put their hands to this work. The nominations for the next election must be made by Nov. 2, and I hear of only some half-dozen ladies as possible candidates for the whole of the Metropolis.

In the sense of having any chance of election, indeed, perhaps even some of those who are named are impossible. The electors will not return persons who hold the most impracticable and mischievous Socialistic views, or persons who do not appear to have any qualification of ability or educational experience, merely because those persons are women; nor ought they to do so. It is not to the advantage of the

girls or the female teachers, or of education generally, to have either a foolish or an unconscientious woman made a member of the School Board. But there are very many ladies who have proved their suitability for the work, whether by their experience on local management committees for the schools, by general philanthropic or public services, or by their writings or other intellectual records. While womanhood should not be counted as alone a sufficient qualification to satisfy the electors, it should at least be considered as a great additional recommendation for one representative in each division, if a lady candidate otherwise suitable can be found. There are many such ladies; but it is difficult to induce them to undergo the trouble and to meet the considerable cost of a public election. The money is, indeed, a great obstacle in many cases. Mr. E. N. Buxton told the House of Commons Committee on Cumulative Voting that each of his School Board elections had cost him £700. This was extravagance, though; for my three elections to the London School Board cost only between one hundred and one hundred and fifty pounds each; but this amount, I think, must be counted as the minimum cost of “running to win.” Printing and advertising to address 60,000 or more electors will absorb nearly all that money, services as canvassers and secretaries and the use of many school-rooms and halls being freely given by supporters and friends to a popular candidate.

FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

Mr. Parnell’s action, in the Scottish Court of Session against the *Times*, came before Lord Kinnear on Oct. 27, when the question of jurisdiction was discussed, and after considerable argument the matter was sent to the procedure roll.

The annual summary of British contributions to foreign mission work, just completed by Canon Scott Robertson, shows that for the financial year of 1887 the sum voluntarily given thereto in the British Isles was £1,228,759. Of this total, the sum of £461,236 was given through Church of England societies; £187,043 through joint societies of Churchmen and Nonconformists; £367,115 through Nonconformist societies in England and Wales; £202,940 through Scotch and Irish Presbyterian societies; and £10,420 through Roman Catholic societies.

The Printers’ Almshouses at Wood-green were the scene of an interesting gathering on Oct. 27, the occasion being their inspection by the Lord Mayor, Mr. Alderman and Sheriff Gray, and Mr. Sheriff Newton. The visitors were conducted round the buildings, with the appearance and general arrangements of which much satisfaction was expressed. A complete tour having been made, the party adjourned to the board-room, where a meeting was held, the business consisting of a proposition to raise the sum of £5000 for the purpose of erecting and endowing on the ground now vacant another set of buildings sufficient to accommodate four more families of pensioners. The proposal met with general approval, and it was resolved that a petition be presented to the Corporation of London on the subject. The Lord Mayor, on behalf of himself and Sheriffs, promised to contribute to the object 100 guineas. Other sums were announced during the afternoon, including one of £1000 from an anonymous friend of the local visitor, Mr. W. H. Collingridge.—The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs also inspected the Fishmongers’ and Poulterers’ Asylum, which are adjacent.

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OBITUARY.

SIR EDMUND ARTHUR WALLER, BART.

Sir Edmund Arthur Waller, fifth Baronet, of Newport, in the county of Tipperary, died at St. Heliers, Jersey, on Oct. 22. He was born March 16, 1846, the only son of Sir Edmund Waller, fourth Baronet, by Rebecca, his second wife, youngest daughter of Mr. Arthur Guinness, of Beaumont, in the county of Dublin, and sister of Sir Benjamin Lee Guinness, first Baronet, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father, March 9, 1851. He was educated at Eton, and served for some years in the 84th Foot. He married, firstly, March 4, 1869, Annie, daughter of Mr. George Parsons, which lady died Dec. 27, 1876, and secondly, Sept. 2, 1878, Jessie Marian, daughter of the late Mr. Henry James Purbrook, of Brighton, but left no issue. He is succeeded by his uncle, now Sir Charles Waller, sixth Baronet, who married, in 1830, Maria, daughter of Mr. Nicholas Burgher, of New York, and has three sons and five daughters.

SIR JOHN WALLIS ALEXANDER, BART.

Sir John Wallis Alexander, fourth Baronet of Belcamp, in the county of Dublin, died at his residence, 27, Eaton-square, S.W., on Oct. 25, after a long illness. He was born Oct. 1, 1800, the second son of Sir Robert Alexander, second Baronet, by Eliza, his wife, daughter and heiress of Mr. John Wallis, and succeeded his brother March 31, 1873. He married, first, May 18, 1858, Lady Lepel Charlotte Phipps, youngest daughter of Henry, first Earl of Mulgrave, and sister of Constantine, first Marquis of Normanby (she died Jan. 29, 1869); and secondly, Aug. 22, 1877, Mary Kathleen, second daughter of the Rev. John Dreaper, of Manchester, but had no issue. The baronetcy, created Dec. 11, 1809, has consequently devolved on his cousin, Sir William Ferdinand Alexander, fifth Baronet, who was born Oct. 15, 1845, and married, Nov. 27, 1884, Edith, second daughter of Mr. George Heriot La Fargue, of Bosworth Hall, Leicestershire.

GENERAL SIR EDMUND HAYTHORNE.

General Sir Edmund Haythorne, K.C.B., Colonel 1st Battalion Hampshire Regiment, died at Silchester House, near Reading, on Oct. 18. He was born in 1818, the son of the late Mr. John Haythorne, of Hill House, in the county of Gloucester, and was educated at Sandhurst. He entered the Army in 1837, became Captain in 1844, Major in 1849, Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel in 1854, Major-General in 1863, Lieutenant-General in 1877, and General in 1879. He served with distinction in the China War, 1841; in the Punjab Campaign, 1848-49; was present at the forcing of the Kohat Pass, under Sir Charles Napier, 1850; and at the siege and fall of Sebastopol, 1855. He received for his gallantry four medals with clasps, fifth class of the Medjidieh, and the Turkish medal, and was several

times mentioned in despatches. He was made K.C.B. in 1873. The distinguished General married, in 1862, Eliza, daughter of Mr. J. Thomas.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. Thomas Chandos Leigh Benedict, on Oct. 22, aged seventy-five.

Captain Robert Charles Whyte, R.N., at Instow, North Devon, on Oct. 18, aged seventy-five.

The Rev. Thomas Boston Wilkinson, M.A., Rector of East Harling, Norfolk, since 1829, on Oct. 15, aged ninety.

Mary, Lady Soame, widow of Sir Peter Buckworth Hearne-Soame, seventh Baronet, and daughter of Mr. William Bradshaw, at 7, Tregunter-road, on Oct. 17, aged eighty-eight.

Major-General Allan Hamilton Graham, late Royal Artillery, at Graham House, Malvern Wells, on Oct. 22, aged seventy-one.

The Rev. William Bousfield, M.A., late Fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, and for thirty-five years Rector of Cublington, Bucks, at Aylesbury, on Oct. 21, aged seventy.

Colonel Arthur Chichester Crookshank, C.B., of wounds received in the skirmish at Kotkai recently. A portrait of the Colonel, with a memoir, was given in our issue for Oct. 20.

The Rev. James Fleming, on Oct. 27, at Troon, in his ninety-sixth year, and the seventieth year of his ministry. Associated with Dr. Chalmers he had written a number of works on Church affairs.

Mr. Henry Digby Sheffield, at Jacksonville, Florida, on Oct. 22, aged fifty-five. He was the second son of Sir Robert Sheffield, fourth Baronet, by Julia, his wife, daughter of Sir John Newbolt, Chief Justice of Madras.

Mr. Robert Charles Catling, F.S.I., of Needham Hall, Cambridgeshire, on Oct. 13, aged seventy-six. He was a J.P. and D.L. for Cambridge, High Sheriff for that county in 1880, and Captain, 5th Cambridgeshire Rifle Volunteers.

Mr. John Walter De Longueville Giffard, M.A., Judge of Exeter County Courts, after three days' illness, on Oct. 23. He was the eldest son of Mr. Stanley Lees Giffard, LL.D., and brother of Hardinge Stanley, first Lord Halsbury, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain.

Captain Charles Harold Beley, D.S.O., 25th Punjab Native Infantry, killed in action while serving with the Black Mountain Expedition, India, on Oct. 5, aged thirty-three. A memoir and portrait of Captain Beley appeared in our issue for Oct. 13.

Mr. John Harward Jessop, of Marlfield, Cabinteely, in the county of Dublin, J.P., High Sheriff of Longford in 1853, at Weymouth-street, Portland-place, of inflammation of the lungs, on Oct. 18, aged sixty-five. He was the only son of the Rev. Robert Jessop, Rector of Kilglass, by Catherine, his wife, daughter of Sir Thomas Fetherston, Bart.

Mr. William Wallace Rodger Cunliffe, of Hadlow Castle, Kent, after a short illness, on Oct. 23, aged forty-one. He was

the eldest son of Mr. Robert Rodger, of Hadlow Castle, J.P., and assumed in 1887 the additional name of Cunliffe, under the will of his maternal grandfather.

Captain Thomas Fraser Sandeman, of Stodham, Hants, J.P., late 73rd Regiment, on Oct. 18, in his eighty-second year.

Lady Brownlow Cecil (Charlotte Alexandrina Mabella), wife of Lord Brownlow Montagu Cecil, brother of the present Marquis of Exeter, and daughter of Mr. Edward Thompson Curry, British Consul at Ostend, at Dover on Oct. 17, aged sixty-three.

Lieutenant-Colonel Henry John Peet, Bengal Infantry, Deputy-Commissioner at Assam, on Sept. 21 at Calcutta, aged forty-six. He entered the Army in 1860, and became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1886. He served with the Bhootan Expedition in 1864-65, and was present at the recapture of Dewangiri (medal with clasp).

Major Thomas Bayley Graves, late Royal Welsh Fusiliers, at 3, Burwood-place, Hyde Park, on Oct. 14. He entered the Army in 1862, became Captain in 1874, and Honorary Major in 1882. He embarked for the Gold Coast with his regiment and served in the Ashantee War in 1874, including the Battle of Amoafu and the capture of Coomassie, for which he was several times mentioned in despatches, and received a medal with clasp.

Vice-Admiral Sir W. Graham has been appointed President of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, in the room of Vice-Admiral Sir T. Brandreth.

The Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, at the morning and evening services at St. Paul's Church, Onslow-square, on Sunday, Oct. 28, brought before his congregation the claims of the Consumption Hospital, Brompton, and urged upon his hearers that the institution was in their own parish, and it was their duty and privilege to give it their liberal support. There had been about 38,000 in-patients and about 350,000 out-patients under treatment for periods of a few weeks to several months. The letters, which through the kindness of the congregation were placed in his hands, were extremely valuable to the many poor sufferers who applied to him. Mr. Webb-Peploe impressed upon his hearers the great importance of annual subscriptions, and alluded, in eloquent and feeling terms, to the great benefits conferred by the hospital. The Rev. A. B. G. Lillingston also preached in the afternoon in aid of the charity. The collections amounted to £103 5s. 5d., including several annual subscriptions.

BIRTHS.

On Oct. 23, at Norman House, First Tower, Jersey, the wife of N. R. Pogson, C.I.E., Government Astronomer, Madras, of a daughter.

On Oct. 27, at South Collingham, Newark, the wife of Charles Constable Curtis, of a son.

DEATH.

On Oct. 8, at Springfield House, St. Christopher, West Indies, the Hon. Charles Monroe Eldridge, President of St. Christopher-Nevis, aged sixty-three.

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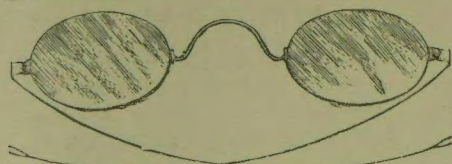
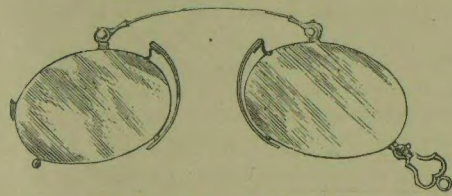
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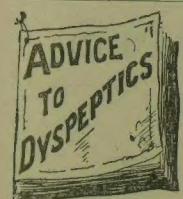
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